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This story of the Catholic Church, written in fire and blood, will stir the hearts of those who have forgotten the past, and yet who stand so near today to the brink of that dark gulf which the Pope and the Jesuits are preparing for the destruction of our dear-bought liberty.

The series on Socialism will be ended. This will bring us to the first chapter of Mr. Watson's wonderful "Story of the South and West", which he will tell with a charm and beauty all his own.

Another interesting feature of the June issue will be Mr. Watson's "Reminiscences of Stephens and Toombs". He saw and talked with both of them, and he tells his impressions of the two great men as seen by a hero-worshipping young lawyer.

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JAMES LANIER, Business Manager.

Thomson, Ga., April 15, 1910.

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In Troubled Waters

WATSON'S
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MAGAZINE

Vol. 1 May, 1910 No. 5

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

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Chapter VIII.

IT has already been shown, in a preceding chapter of this series, that Socialism's war on private ownership of property antagonizes a principle which operates throughout the entire range of animated nature. Not only do the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea prove the existence and the universality of the principle, but *the vegetable world does also.* In every forest there is as fierce a struggle of the individual tree, *to get something for itself*, as ever was known in the competition of men. Not only does species compete with species, but the battle of existence goes on between the members of the same species. The hardier species, or specimen, wins the battle: the weaker, perishes or lives dwarfed and stunted. So natural and so terrific is this competition in the world of inanimate things, that Man has to go to the rescue of those whom he would save.

The rose and the lily would soon cease to make the garden radiant and fragrant, were we not to put an end to the *competition* of the weeds. The field would never whiten with cotton, were it not that we save it from the *competition* of the grass. There is not sufficient nourishment in the soil for half the seed that we plant; and to get good

results we must protect a few of the cotton plants from the competition, not only of the weeds and grass, but of much of the cotton that was planted. Even the stalks that we leave to grow, compete among themselves for the nourishment which they need.

Competition is inseparable from private ownership, and private ownership is a law of Nature—as any one who will use his eyes can clearly see—yet our Socialists brethren tell us that they will abolish both, substituting co-operation and communism. In other words, they modestly declare their intention to repeal statutes, written by the finger of God Almighty, over the very face of Creation! The "Survival of the fittest" is no law to them. They will scout philosophers and Jehovah himself, taking teeth and ferocity from the human shark, beak and talon from the human hawk, poison and fang from the human snake; greed and filth from the human hog; lust and levity from the human satyr.

* * * *

There is another principle or trait universal in its character, which Socialism combats.

It is *the love of locality.*

According to the Marxian theorizers, nobody should desire to own any particular thing, or to dwell at any particular place. Society should be one vast band of "brothers",—the whites, the blacks, the brown, the red, the yellow—owning everything in common. The home would be a socially owned tenement. "Society" would assign you to certain rooms one year; and some other fellow will occupy them the next. Therefore, it is clear that you will not love your temporary home much more than you love your room in a hotel, or your seat in the opera-house.

I know that the Socialists of Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri and other Southern States will vigorously and wrathfully deny the above assertions. Farmers who have been dosed on *The Appeal to Reason*, and led by that villainous sheet into declaring themselves Socialists, *believe that they can own land, under Socialism.* Of course, they cannot. The private ownership of any land whatever is abhorrent to the very soul of the Marxian creed; and any Socialist who is at once well-informed and truthful will tell you so.

That unprincipled group who have deceived the old Populists, the dissatisfied Democrats, and the restless Republicans cannot forever keep up the imposture. *Sooner or later, I will tear the mask from their hypocritical faces.* The unprincipled group to which I refer are those who publish a venomous, class-hatred paper at Girard, Kansas. Their names are Eugene V. Debs, Fred Warren and J. A. Wayland. Most solemnly, most positively—I swear to God it's true!—*Socialism does not admit of the private ownership of any land whatever, for any purpose whatever.* The socializing of the land—every bit of it!—*is the very life-principle of the creed.* It is inexpressibly base in Debs, Warren and Wayland to be sneaking up on the blind side of honest, but illiterate farmers and laborers by telling them that the citizen can own his own home, under Socialism.

The very first step of the "industrial revolution" is to be *the establishment of Communism in the holding of the land.* This is the Hamlet of the drama, the foundation of the building, the Atlas on whose shoulders the new world is to rest.

Even the cunningly drawn platform of the National American Socialist Party says that "the land" is to become public property; and yet men of intelligence can be persuaded that those words are not inconsistent with the ownership of homes!

Let some delegate from the South go to the next national convention of the Howling Dervishes, and introduce a

resolution in favor of the private ownership of enough land to make a home—and you'll hear the whole menagerie roar. If the introducer of such a resolution can get home without broken bones, he'll be in luck.

Oh, I *do* hope that some of the Southern States will send delegates who will try that resolution on a Socialist national pow-wow! It would bring on a perfectly beautiful storm.

* * * *

The love of Location—how powerful it is and how beautiful! In all my wanderings around the world, in my stray-dog days, I *felt* that my feet would, sooner or later, take me back to my Old Home. Into my dreams, the familiar scenes of my boyhood constantly came. And as sure as the Sabbath arrived, I could hear the bell of the Baptist church in Thomson. So one night, as I watched the moon through the window of the humble home in which I boarded, my decision was suddenly made, to come back. *The love of Locality had conquered.* And the victory was decisive. Much as I have suffered here, much as I have been misunderstood here, Thomson is to me the dearest old place in the world.

Who is it that has not had that feeling for some particular place? What is it that thrills the German, in America, when he hears the strains of the "Watch on the Rhine?" What is it that brings the tear to the eye of the American, in distant lands, when "Home, Sweet Home" is sung? Why is the Shamrock dear to the Irishman, the Thistle to the Scot? Why does the flag and the national air of one's country make the blood leap, as the one is seen and the other heard when we travel abroad? Why do the cheers spring to the lips of Southern men, when the band plays "Dixie"?

Patriotism is the Grand Passion Flower which has its roots in the love of home.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is *my own*, my native land"?

"'Tis sweet to die for one's Country", says the patriot in almost every chapter in the annals of the world. To betray one's Country, is to win execration for all time to come. To save one's Country, is to earn immortal renown. To make war on one's Country, has ever been held in horror—like the striking of one's mother. To be banished for life from one's Country, ranks with the heaviest of penalties. To get back to one's Country, the deported criminal will madly risk his life.

Ignore such a vital chord in the soul of man as Love of Locality? What an absurdity!

In the woe of the Jews as they sat down to weep and wail in the rich and beautiful valley of the Euphrates—in bondage, and heart hungry for the homes in rocky, arid, unlovely Palestine—do the Socialists see nothing but the longing of prisoners for freedom? In the lament of the exile, do they recognize no yearning for *the old familiar places*, as well as for the old familiar faces?

Let them call it fable or allegory, if they will, the grief of Adam and Eve, when driven from the Garden of Eden, has been felt by every human being that ever lost his home, or was ever banished from native land. The glory in the eyes of the returning traveller, the suffering in those who gaze for the last time on the receding shores that they will see no more, is as natural, elemental, eternal and imperishable as humanity itself.

What splendors have originated in this noble trait! It inspires the soldier and the statesman, the poet and the historian.

Roll, thunder, roll! let the sheet lightning play, and torrential rain pour down—you will not disturb the

concentrated thought of *that* horseman, for it is Robert Burns; and in his heated brain are being beat out the deathless lines of "Scots who hae with Wallace bled!"

'Ware Frenchmen! Beware! You are out of your element; you are to fight on the sea; and Nelson's signal has already thrilled his fleet:

"*ENGLAND expects every man to do his duty!*"

Speak scornfully of Old Ireland, where one of her sons can hear you—if you just *must* have a fist in your face! "Run down" Germany to Germans, if you are on the hunt for trouble. In fact, the man or boy, who doesn't resent insulting references to his native land, is devoid of ordinary human feeling: he is abnormal. Even the girls will get afoul of each other's head-fixings, on a provocation like that.

And that's why *Socialists hate patriotism!* They detest it They know that it is at deadly variance with their creed. They know that you love your country *because your home is a part of it*—your family a factor in its greatness. They mean to dethrone you, as Head of the Family: they mean to have your wife and children lean, not on you, but on Society, for protection and support: they mean to give you rooms in a hotel, in place of your permanent dwelling: and they mean to "emancipate" women to such a heavenly extent that there will be no such crimes as fornication and adultery, and no children who can, say with certainty, who their fathers are.

The wild-eyed dervishes declare that Patriotism is a "prejudice;" that it springs from narrowness of mind and lack of broad humanitarianism. They say that all men are "brothers": that the whole world is our home; and that the Switzer should love the malarial swamps of Africa with the same ardor he feels for the snow-capped Alps, the sun-kissed valleys, the silvery streams that have heard his Yodle-song for centuries, that have given him the sturdy vigor and love of independence upon which the Burgundian, Charles the Rash, broke his power and lost his life—a fierce determination *to be his own man*, which no Prince or Potentate could ever overcome!

And they argue that the corpse-eating, offal devouring savages of Africa and Oceanica are your "Brothers". Upon what ground? That the same God created all men. So He did; but He created chimpanzees and ourangoutangs also; and the Socialist reasoning would make those our "Brothers", too.

* * * *

How can you feel *an attachment* for places which you have never seen? How can you *love* what you know nothing about?

It is the intimate association, the agreeable relationship that foster affection for the Home. The memories of the past, the pleasures and griefs of childhood, the recollections of parental care and affection, the clusters of incident in the family life, the spots that are connected with particular occurrences—these are but a few of the almost innumerable reasons why love of home is so powerful.

Who can express, even to his own satisfaction, *why* he loved the woman whose hand he sought in marriage?

Who can explain, exactly, why we "just naturally take to" some men; and, just as instinctively dislike others?

Your wife may be more handsome, stylish and mentally endowed than mine, but I'm not the least bit envious—mine suits *me*. Your home may be much more lovely, magnificent and sumptuous than mine—but I'm not fretting about it. As I write these lines (March 31.) the sun of a cloudless Spring morning calls nature to its Easter, and every feathered musician that my protection has encouraged to come and to stay with me is flooding

the place with the melody that I love best. *And it is something to me that they are singing in trees that I planted.* Not like any other lilac or camelia or jessamine blossom are those that come from the bush or the vine which I set out, when I stood at the threshold of life and my children played where the grandchildren play now—and near where I myself played when a child.

For the State, for the nation which holds this sacred and dearest spot, would I not fight to the death? Is it unnatural that I should hear with bitter scorn the Socialist ranter who tells me that this feeling of Patriotism is no more than a narrow prejudice? Prejudice? Narrow mindedness? Pluperfect balderdash! We have no feeling more elevating, purer and more enduring than Patriotism. Those who have so loved their homes and their native land that they chose death rather than see them ruled by the stranger, live in the story of nations, live in song and sculpture, live in the hearts of the people!

But who will ever love or beautify a tenement which is the property of "Society", and of which his tenure is merely temporary? Who would love, and fight for, his room in the boarding-house?

* * * *

Love of Locality! The Socialists utterly ignore it. Yet the fowls of the air have it: the fishes of the rivers and the seas have it: the beasts of the field and the jungle have it.

See the fish-hawk return to the same nest year after year! See the eagle cling for life to his home on the inaccessible cliff! See the shad come to the same spot to spawn every year! See the horse and the dog and the cat, and even the hog, proving its love of locality, by making its way back to the old familiar scenes, when taken from them.

"Homesickness" has been known to kill people; and in that prostrating melancholia the love of locality is an ingredient.

In the Life of General Sam Dale, we are told that he was put in charge of the removal of the Indians from Alabama. He, of course, had to round them up, as he went; and his daily marches were necessarily short. He stated that the Red Men showed the keenest grief on their stoical features; and that the women and children broke out into weepings and wailings. He said that the warriors would, every night, return to take another look at their old homes; and that they kept this up as long as it was possible for them to make the journey and rejoin the moving tribe before morning. The warriors had their wives and children with them on the migratory march; consequently, it was the *affection for the place* where they had lived that brought them back, every night, to see it, and to mourn over its loss.

There are few regions more gloriously picturesque and beautiful than that which lies between Charlottesville and Waynesboro, Virginia. A few years ago, Mr. A. P. Bibb took me over the road in his buggy. As we rode toward Afton through the lovely country, my friend pointed out various places of interest—the home of those wonderful Langhorne people among them. Indicating a homestead which was some distance from the road, and which seemed to me to possess no especial attraction, Mr. Bibb proceeded to relate a tragedy connected with it. The farm had long been in the same family. But when W., one of the sons of the deceased owner, bought the place at Administrator's sale, a stranger came along, and offered him $10,000 more than W. had paid. Dazzled by the profit, he sold. Then he began to look around for another place. He could not find one that suited him. At length his mind reverted to the old Home. Every tree that his father had planted; every flower that his mother had

tended: every path that he had walked when a boy: the creek in which he had fished—all were vividly before his eyes, wherever he went. Finally, he surrendered to the love of locality, and offered the purchaser of the old Home one thousand dollars to cancel the trade. With abominable brutality, the man who had bought the farm answered:

"No. I examined more than 3,000 places, and never found one that suited me until I saw this. If you had asked $10,000 more than you did, I would have paid it, just as readily".

The poor gentleman who had too hastily sold his home, took the matter so to heart that he soon lost his mind, and was sent to the asylum, where he died.

Yet the Socialists *ignore* Love of Locality!

What is it that speeds the wing of the homing dove? Why do quail use the same range, year after year? What is it that carries the corpses of dead men and women back, hundreds of miles, to the old family burial ground? Why did Zenophen's "Ten Thousand" shout so spontaneously when, after all their battlings and marches in Persia, they caught sight of the Grecian seas? "*Thalassa! Thalassa!*" "The sea! The sea!" they cried, and they were frantic with joy.

It was the association of ideas—Grecian waters, Grecian people, Grecian homes.

The magnificent opera-house is crowded: brilliantly illuminated, the human multitude is perfectly representative. There are the men and women of Society's Smart Set; there are the men of the clubs, and the women who smoke, drink and swear. In the Dress Circle and the Balcony, the blaze of light reflects the radiance of pearls and the flash of diamonds. Here in the main body of the house are the plain men of business, with their wives and daughters—while yonder, up in the Galleries, are people from every walk of common life, from callow Youth to sad or cynical Age.

The drama has gone forward, scene after scene, and there has been applause: there has been laughter. At times, the house has been turbulent: at others, still. The opera is nearing its end: a scene has just ended, and there were "thunders of applause", as the Diva left the stage.

Suddenly, the lights grow dim: the orchestra touches the softest note, and the Prima Donna reappears, alone.

Over the vast audience, rapt and motionless, floats a voice of liquid gold—athrob with tender passion—

"*'Way down upon the Suwanee River*".

Instantly, every man's face, from pit to dome, is swept into the same emotion. Instantly, every woman's face wears the same look. There is no applause, any more; but women raise handkerchiefs to their eyes; and down the cheeks of men, the tear trickles. Nobody is thinking of the impersonated negro: nobody is touched by the words or music of the song: everyone is melted *because of the memories awakened*. Not a soul in that audience cares a rush about the darkey, or the old plantation: what moves each individual present is, *a memory*—the memory of his or her childhood home, and the loved ones of Auld Lang Syne.

"Ben Bolt", is not much as music, and less than nothing as poetry; but we like to hear the simple song because of the asociation of ideas. It brings back to us our school-boy days, and the sweetheart that we believed we loved. She married "another"—who has a notorious reputation for winning the girls—but we cherish an innocent sentiment for her, even now; and whenever we look into her frank, matronly eyes, we can read what's there—*she* hasn't forgotten, either.

"The Old Oaken Bucket that Hung

in the Well"! Ah, what inexhaustible treasures it has drawn from the deep cisterns of the irreclaimable past. How purifying to mind and heart are the recollections that bind one to the old Home! *How undeniably does the gleam from the domestic hearth irradiate the outer world!* How surely does the deep river of Public Sentiment, of Public Life, of Public Purpose draw its virtues and its potency from the men and the women who are *settled in their homes;* and who, from these social lighthouses, send flashing, far across the treacherous sea, the warning which saves!

Abolish homes, and substitute the Universal, Conglomerated Caravansery—in which no man can be made sure of a permanent abode?

Destroy the Home, as we know it? The Home that is mine, and at whose entrance I can halt a Monarch? The Home in which every man may be, in fact, a King? The Home and the Family, from whose venerable and consecrated soil have sprung the glories of *Man's march toward the Dawn? "FORBID IT, ALMIGHTY GOD!"*

* * * *

In revolutionary movements, there is a law, that brooks no resistance: *the more violent element invariably comes into control.* There is no exception to this rule.

Turgot and Necker and LaFayette were replaced by the more radical Barnave, Condorcet and Mirabeau. This school was turned out by the more advanced Girondins—and they, in their turn fell—with heads off—before the ruthless Jacobins. And when the Jacobins became supreme, *the more violent devoured the others.* Poor Camille Desmoulins, on his journey to lay that young form, that brilliant head, under the fatal knife, cried out to the mob which was thirsting for his blood:

"Don't you remember me? I'm Camille. It was I who started this. It was I who plucked from the tree in the garden of the Palais Royale the first green badge of Revolution".

Vain the plea. He and Danton, who had helped to send the Moderates to the scaffold, had not kept pace with Marat, Robespierre, Billaud, Tallien, and Collot d'Herbois, the radicals of the radicals.

Then, in turn, Robespierre was passed on the road; and those who passed him *slew him as they swept ahead.*

But the Reign of Terror was over: the movement had spent itself: the Revolution had devoured its own children, its every leader of capacity—and now the reaction set in which hurled from power, and sent into exile those whose maniacal violence had carried them too far.

Did we not see the same inexorable law in operation among the Abolitionists? Garrison and Phillips were almost lynched by those who finally went far beyond the position occupied by these pioneer exponents of Slavery. Mr. Lincoln never dreamed in 1859, or even in 1860, of going as far as *they drove him*, in 1862. Mr. Seward was considered too radical for the presidential nomination in 1860, but he was passed on the road by the more radical and ruthless Wade, Morton and Stevens. The Andrew Johnson of 1864 had no conception of the mad lengths to which his own party woud try to drag him, in a few more months. By the time the diabolical Reconstruction "Laws" had time to demonstrate their own infamy, and the poor negro had had the stage all to himself for awhile, the fierce fires of Abolitionism began to pale. But, in a corrupted Government, a lowered standard of morals, a despotism of the dollar, an ocean of poverty, fed by rivers of vice and crime; and a Black Peril which overshadows every white woman in the land, we see the awful consequences of Abolition fanaticism.

Now, *the Socialist movement is revolutionary.* The law already cited is at

work within it. The more violent are sure to control. Vainly, are honest men of moderate opinions commending unto themselves the assurance that Socialism is not one of the poisonous serpents, not one of the man-eating monsters, not one of the loaded guns. Vainly, do they imagine that they, the moderates, can join the Socialists, and not be drawn further than they now mean to go.

Easily, confidently, joyously they are taking their boat-ride, around the gentle outer currents of the whirl-pool. Not a thought have they of the swifter currents, and lessening circles which will carry them to the raging, relentless, irresistible vortex.

And when you or I call to those thoughtless people in the boat—"Pull for the shore!—with all your strength —pull for the shore!" they laugh in derision of our alarm.

Why, *Karl Marx had to disband his original society:* he saw that the men of violence, of lawlessness, of blood-mindedness were gaining the upper hand!

In France, *at this time*, a Socialist editor and recognized leader, is under conviction and sentence for urging the reservists of the French Army *to use the guns served out to them by the Government in attacking and killing the men of property*—as preliminary action to the setting up of a new order of society. This Socialist leader, (Gustav Herve) calls himself an "internationalist"; claims that all men are "brothers", that armies and frontiers should be abolished, and that all property should be owned by "Society".

In the Socialist papers of this country, the terrible *Commune* which drenched Paris in its own blood, just after the Franco-Prussian War, is being held up to the admiration of our people. And in our cities—those of the North and West, particularly—Socialist invective of existing institutions, grows yearly more savage. Harangues in which the confiscation of property and the massacre of Capitalists are broached and wildly applauded.

Governor Joseph Folk and I sat on the platform, Labor Day, 1904, in Kansas City, Missouri, and listened to a Socialist agitator who addressed that large assemblage with an appeal like this:

"*Who built all those huge houses? Who piled up all the wealth that we see around us? You did. It's yours. Go and take it. Not part of it—all of it. Not a loaf, but the whole bakery*". And the man was "cheered to the echo." in that *Southern* city!

How long can we afford to ignore the spread of Socialism? How long will we neglect this dynamite that is being planted at the very bases of our institutions?

Is It Nothing to You That This Country Is Becoming a Papal Fief?

DID you notice in the newspapers the statement that Cardinal Gibbons began to pussy-foot, in the corridors of our State Department, as soon as the news reached this country that there had been a clash between Mr. Roosevelt and the Papa at Rome? Did you notice from the same newspapers that Falconio began to do the cat-like tread to the White House and to our State Department, also? *Did you attach no importance to those facts?*

If you pay any attention whatever to the trend of the times, you are compelled to attach some importance to the prompt visit which Gibbons and Falconio made to those who are at the head of our Government. *The coincidence* of the episode in Rome and the visit of these two stealthy Catholics to the White House and to the State Department, *was not accidental.* There should be not the faintest doubt upon your mind that the scheming American, Cardinal Gibbons, and the crafty Italian, Falconio, *had a purpose* in going, at that time, to see Mr. Taft and Mr. Knox.

The Papacrats knew Taft of old. They moulded him to their will in the Philippine Islands. Although the sworn testimony brought out during the investigation which the Taft Commission made into conditions in the Islands proved that the Friars had been the source of almost unprintable immorality among those poor and enslaved natives, and had been the persistent and unsuccessful foes of education and progress, our President went to Baltimore and, *speaking to Maryland Catholics*, eulogized in the highest terms the work of the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

Do you not remember how the Friars persuaded Mr. Taft to O. K. their fraudulent titles to 400,000 acres of the best lands of the Island of the Filipinos, *and to give them $18 per acre for it?* Do you not remember how he bonded the whole Island in order to get the money to pay those ecclesiastical robbers? Do you not recall how Mr. Roosevelt himself, when President, allowed Cardinal Gibbons, and other eminent clerics, *to take six million dollars out of our National Treasury to run their parochial schools among the Indians?* Do you remember how the Storers, Bellamy and Maria, were so zealous in the matter of securing the red hat for Archbishop Ireland, that they talked too much in Europe, and had to be called down by the strenuous Teddy? Do you remember how the Lord Mayor of Dublin published the avowal of his purpose to give Mr. Roosevelt a magnificent reception, for the reason that *the Strenuous One had done more for the Catholics in America than all preceding Presidents put together?* Yet, when Mr. Roosevelt reaches Rome, and desires to visit the Vatican after having feasted with the King, the arrogant Secretary, Merry del Val, takes the position that Mr. Roosevelt should not be accorded the honor of an audience with the Papa unless he will agree secretly, through his Secretary, Mr. McLoughlin, *that he will not afterwards visit the Methodist Church.* Merry del Val did not raise any "question of etiquette". Neither Mr. Roosevelt, nor any one else seeking an audience with the Pope, ever dreamed of disputing the ceremonial prescribed at the papal court. He would have expected to conform to the customs of the palace whose guest he temporarily was.

But, the American priests, *taking their cue from their dago bosses who*

doubtless cabled the suggestion, have been declaring, glibly and mendaciously, that it was "a question of etiquette, at the highest court in the world".

It was no such thing!

Whoever heard of the King of England attempting to impose upon some one who was to be presented to him the line of conduct which should be followed by such person, *after* he had departed from the Court of St. James? Whoever heard of the Czar of Russia attempting to impose, beforehand, a line of conduct which should be pursued *after presentation*, by the person who had been received by the Court of St. Petersburg? Whoever heard of the Kaiser attempting anything of the sort? When Mr. Roosevelt is received by royalty in Berlin, there will be no request, public or private, that he shall promise not to visit a Catholic Church, a Methodist Church, or a Baptist Church, *after* his presentation at the palace.

No, it was not a question of etiquette: *it was an issue that goes way down to the very bottom of things.* It is an issue that has its roots in the remote past: *it is a flash that lights up the true inwardness of things in the Roman Hierarchy.* In this country, *from motives of policy*, Catholics have to be tolerant; and have to admit that Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians *are Christians. THE POPE CANNOT MAKE ANY SUCH ADMISSION.* He never has, does not, and never will. At the Vatican, it is held that there is no Christian religion save that represented by the Pope and the Italians and Spaniards who surround him. He cannot admit that other denominations and churches are *Christian.* To do so would impair his religious monopoly, and make absurd, even in the eyes of Catholics, *the monstrous doctrine of Papal infallibility.* Consequently, the Pope, *from principle and as a matter of necessity in maintaining his vast imposture*, has to deny that Methodists are Christians, and has to refuse to receive a minister of any religion, excepting his own. As a part of this medieval survival, he cannot consistently receive any visitor whom he knows or suspects will talk to Methodists, afterwards, *as Christians.* That is the gist of the whole matter, and it carries us right back to the Middle Ages.

There is an ominous significance in that Roman episode, when we reflect that a man who had done as much for the American Catholics as Roosevelt has done, *is subjected to the same rule that would have been applied to Frederick Barbarossa or Charlemagne.* It carries with it a sinister remembrance of the dark dungeon in which the wretched captive perished, because of his non-belief in Roman Catholicism: it carries with it a reminiscence of the wheel and the rack and the burning stake. In the treatment accorded Roosevelt, we see exactly the same manifestation of the same spirit which *sent Savaronola to the pyre and burned Bruno in front of the Pope's palace.*

But that is *in Europe*, you say. *American* Catholicism is different, you say. In form it is: in outward appearance it is: *at heart, it is not.* In spirit, every Catholic in America endorsed what the dago Papa did, both in the case of Fairbanks and that of Roosevelt. They not only endorsed *the Pope's refusal to admit, by his action, that there is any other Christian sect than his own*, but they heartily approve of *the Pope's persecution of the Italian Abbot who visited Roosevelt, after Roosevelt had refused to wear a yoke on his neck when he went to pay his respects to the Pope.*

You say that there is no such spirit, in America? You don't know what you are talking about. In New York a few days ago, the vast cathedral was not only filled, but the overflow flooded adjacent streets with thousands of devoted worshippers who grovelled on

their knees, while the mass was being celebrated within the Church. Do you know what those blind and prostrate Americans were testifying their faith to, in that action? *They were giving humiliating testimony to their belief in the horrible doctrine that the mumbled words of a cassocked priest can turn a thin wafer into the body of Christ, and a jug of wine into His blood.* And those devout American Catholics were prostrating themselves while they within the Church *were going through the ceremony of eating and drinking Jesus Christ!*

But that isn't all. Here are four witnesses lying before me as I dictate these words. One is from the Baltimore *Sun*, dated April 7, 1910. Our Business Manager, James Lanier, in the routine of his business affairs, had sent to the Baltimore *Sun* an advertisement which stated my purpose to publish in this Magazine a series of articles whose subject would be "The Exposure of the Roman Hierarchy". Here is the reply given by E. H. Fry, who signs for The A. S. Abell Company:

"BALTIMORE, April 7, 1910.
"THE JEFFERSONIANS, Thomson, Ga.
"GENTLEMEN:—We return herewith your order, together with copy of advertisement of WATSON'S MAGAZINE which we must respectfully decline to publish.
"Yours very truly,
"THE A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
"per E. H. Fry."

It is said, (and denied,) that Cardinal Gibbons is part owner of the Baltimore *Sun*. It is also said by some, and denied by others, that Cardinal Gibbons is a very wealthy man. The fact that Cardinal Gibbons is part owner of the Baltimore *Sun*, if it be a fact, would serve to explain why that paper, a very great and ably conducted periodical, would decline to take money in a business way for the publication of the advertisement. But no such explanation will account for the conduct of the Philadelphia *Press*, which, on April 8, 1910, refused to publish the advertisement which the Baltimore *Sun* had turned down. In reply to our letter enclosing the advertisement, the Business Manager of the *Press* simply and curtly said, "We cannot accept the copy."

Why? *He knew that the Catholic Hierarchy in Philadelphia would instigate and organize a boycott of the paper.* Protestants do not boycott newspapers which carry advertisements in favor of Roman Catholicism, in favor of infidel books, or books which attack the Protestant faith. The very essence of Protestantism is *liberality, independence, freedom of thought and action.* As a matter of fact, *modern democracy is Calvinism*, applied to modern conditions. But the Roman Church is, ever has been, ever will be pitilessly and furiously, *a persecutor.* The Philadelphia *Press* was simply afraid to take an advertisement of the character which we offered.

Another of these refusals to publish the notice, comes from the New York *Evening Mail*. The advertising manager of this metropolitan paper "regrets that he is unable to accept the copy which is inclosed". He knew very well that the Cathedral, the significant term by which the Catholic influence in New York is called, would come down on the *Evening Mail* and destroy it, if possible.

The fourth refusal to publish the advertisement was made by the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Have such details as these no effect upon you? Do you not open your eyes in wonder when you see that, as a mere matter of business, papers of the kind mentioned dare not accept *advertisements* that will be distasteful to the Roman Catholic Hierarchy? If the Catholics can exercise such despotism over the American press, *when they number only ten millions*, what will conditions be in this country, *when they have multiplied their strength fourfold?*

Already, our politicians tremble in their boots at the frown of a Catholic priest: already, our magazines dare not touch an article which assails the Roman Hierarchy: already, our newspapers *are afraid to publish advertisements* which the Catholic Church would resent: already, we have reached a point where the Catholic press of America heartily indorses the murder of a modern educator, like Professor Francisco Ferrer: already, they have so much power that they can harness an American President, *who does not believe in the Trinity, and who does not believe in Purgatory, and who is a sworn member of the Masonic fraternity;* and they can drive this helpless President, and his Cabinet, into a Washington Cathedral, *where prayers are being said to lift out of Hell's antechamber the soul of that old Belgian rake, King Leopold.*

But still more significant proof of the dreaded power of the Roman Hierarchy is being afforded, right now, *by the Hearst newspapers.* Brave enough, strong enough, to attack the Republican party (in one campaign) *all along the line:* brave enough, strong enough, to attack the Democratic party, (in the next campaign) all along the line, Mr. Hearst, in a moment of over-confidence, considered himself strong enough to criticise the Spanish priests who had caused Professor Ferrer to be put to death. In a moment of too much confidence in his own power, Mr. Brisbane spoke of the martyr in a tone of sympathy and respect. *That was enough.* The cathedral got busy, clerical organs thundered, anathemas flew back and forth, *and Mr. Hearst's spine turned to water.* He not only back-tracked, but in the eagerness of his surrender and self-abasement, he began to publish, in regard to the Fairbanks incident and the Roosevelt episode, *editorials that reeked with falsehood and with insult to American Protestantism. EDITORIALLY, HEARST AND BRISBANE ARE CENSURING ROOSEVELT FOR NOT SURRENDERING HIS MANHOOD TO THE DAGO POPE!*

Will the American Protestants resent it?

Oh, no. Will they boycott the Hearst papers? No, no. And that is one of the very reasons why the press is in such deadly fear of the Roman Hierarchy. *The Pappycrats hit back;* the Protestants seldom do.

Not a single Protestant will quit reading the Baltimore *Sun*, the *Mail*, or the Hearst papers. But had they published our ad., the intolerant Catholics would have immediately ordered the papers discontinued.

Who furnishes the religious toleration in this country? Not the Catholics. Will the Protestants never appreciate the profound significance of this fact?

P. S.—A later statement given out from the Vatican was to the effect, that "the Pope did not care to be bracketed with other European potentates whom Mr. Roosevelt would boast of hunting, after his African hunt".

Although the present Pope rose from the peasantry, his long training should have saved him from such execrably bad taste as the above remark reveals. It is not only in the worst possible taste for the Pope to intimate that Mr. Roosevelt is not a gentleman who would know the impropriety of boasting of the honors paid him by princes abroad, but it was malicious to say that he was *hunting for them*, as he had hunted big game in Africa. Furthermore, the latest excuse assigned for the insolence of Merry del Val is devoid of truth. Besides, it is a surprising exhibition of papal arrogance and hauteur.

MR. BRYAN AGAIN RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF THE REPUBLICANS

OF all the short-sighted politicians that ever posed and passed as statesmen, Peerless J. Bryan is the chief.

In 1896, a change of 17,000 votes, in the close States of the South-West and North-West, would have resulted in his election to the Presidency. I wore myself out trying to convince Bryan and his managers that he ought to have let New England alone, *and join me in a concentrated effort to line up every Populist with every Democrat in those doubtful States.* Who can deny that harmonious campaigning by Bryan and I, with a fair representation of Populists on the electoral ticket, would have been worth 17,000 votes?

Sagacious men saw this so plainly, that the Republicans were, at the opening of the campaign, panic-stricken at the prospect of a close alliance between Democrats and Populists. The New York *World*, certainly a good judge of such matters, predicted that Sewall, of Maine, would get out of the race. Sewall himself expressed a willingness to do so. But Chairman Jones and Bryan insisted on his remaining on the ticket; and Chairman James K. Jones published his famous, fatuous and fatal insult to the Populists, who were told that they might "*go to the negroes, where they belong*".

Again, in 1904, it was Bryan who saved the Republicans. After Judge Parker's nomination on a gold standard platform; and after both Parker and Davis had stated that there was practically no difference between themselves and Roosevelt, politically, *it was apparent that the gold-standard, Hamiltonian vote would be divided between Roosevelt and Parker.*

Had Bryan made the race as an Independent, or had he indorsed and aided my own fight *for the principles which he had said in Chicago he was ready to die for*, the Republicans would have been overthrown.

After my Cooper Union meeting and address in New York, the Free Silver Democrats *needed but the silence* of Bryan to come pell-mell to my support. Roosevelt saw it, *and the Bryan-Belmont crowd saw it.*

In a short while, Bryan was speeding about the country in a Belmont "Special", and was making sixteen speeches a day for the Moses of Democracy, Judge Alton B. Parker.

The Republicans never felt a fear, after that. And Ryan, Belmont & Company lost all interest in Parker. It did not matter much to them which candidate was elected—just so no Jeffersonian Free-Silverite got in.

Again, in 1908, Bryan at one time stood a splendid chance to win; and, again, Roosevelt realized it.

Taft had disgusted many Republicans by his school-boy act of carrying his speech of Acceptance to his schoolmaster for examination and approval. Again, he had declared that he wouldn't go around barn-storming and rear-ending. But Bryan brought him to it. He had said that he would not stoop to the phonograph methods of Peerless. But Peerless brought him to it. Indeed, Peerless was everlastingly "waxing it on to" the amiable, non-combatant Taft.

But suddenly there came a roar from the White House. It was time. When Roosevelt asked Bryan how he stood on the Pearre bill, which President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, had asserted was the embodiment of the demands of Labor, *Peerless got it between the eyes.* He refused to answer; and business men for-

sook him in battalions—for the Pearre bill seeks to deprive the Courts of the power to protect persons, natural and artificial, in their business. *Inasmuch as the legitimate use of one's property is, in most cases, one's "business"*, it should be apparent to all that the Pearre bill antagonizes a principle which is, with us, as old as *Magna Charta*.

But Mr. Bryan's latest contribution to Republican happiness and success is the most astounding "break" that even he has ever made. Immediately after the new tariff law went into effect, it began to bear the fruit for which its makers lusted. *The Trusts, alone, had a voice at Washington in the framing of those diabolical schedules.* The Trusts, of course, *wanted power to charge higher prices. The new schedules gave it to them. Consequently, the cost of living bounded upward, as soon as the new law went into operation.*

The price of cotton advanced, in obedience to the natural law of supply and demand—the crop being 3,000,000 bales short. But there was no natural law which sent the cost of all necessaries of life upward. No sudden change had taken place in the movement of population, the output of producers, or the influx of gold. The yellow metal gradually increased its annual output ten or more years ago; *and a gradual advance in prices took place on account of it.*

But, not until the Trusts went to Washington and made this new law for themselves, was the whole country aroused by the sudden and enormous increased cost of living.

The regular stand-pat Republicans have been on the verge of *delirium tremens.* The Insurgents, the election in Missouri, the Foss victory in Massachusetts, the triumph of Beveridge over Taft in the State of Indiana, the near-downfall of Cannon in Congress—all these occurrences have driven the stand-patters to the very wall. With their backs against it, Taft and his cohorts have been fighting desperately.

The Taftian defence is that the rise in prices is due, not to the new tariff, but the increased output of the gold mines. And what incorrigible blunderer indorses the absurd Taftian plea? Who is it that must write, from South America, *an O. K. of the Republican defence?*

WHY, IT'S BRYAN!

That marvellously overrated man actually does what the Republicans must consider almost too good to be true.

He indorses Taft's theory of the cause of the increased cost of living and thus, as far as it is in his power to do it, assures the continuance of the Republicans in office!

In other words, at a time *when the Republicans and the Trusts most sorely need help, they get it from the Peerless leader of the Democratic party!*

Heavens above! What organization ever needed more badly a real leader of fixed convictions?

PAGES FROM MY BOYHOOD DIARY

(No. 3)

The Meningitis Epidemic in the Mess Hall at Mercer University, January, 1873

THIS morning (Saturday) James Hamilton, my room mate, came in and told me that George West was very sick. Before going into the Phi Delta Society to debate, I went to see him. He appeared to be very bad off, and his face was swollen. I was much surprised at his illness, for I had been into his room the night before and he was then in high spirits. Hamilton told me that soon after I had gone, George asked him if he (H.) wished him (George) *to rub his throat with Spirits of Turpentine, as usual.* Hamilton having been suffering for a week or two with a very bad cold and sore throat, assented. George then took the turpentine and commenced rubbing; *but before he finished, he was suddenly taken very sick, vomiting violently.* He at once took his bed. Hamilton attended the debate this morning, though he himself was quite sick.

SATURDAY.

THIS morning, Hamilton dressed for church, but found himself too ill to go. Burdett and Charles Booker came to me, about the same time, and told me that George was delirious, and asked me to telegraph for his father. I prepared the despatch, but told them that perhaps they had better wait until evening. During the day, he grew much better, and was brought down to Mr. Ivey's room. He then sent for me and told me not to telegraph for his father,—that he thought he would be well in a day or so. I promised to do as he wished. Late in the evening, Hamilton grew worse, and wrote a letter to his mother, who was in Atlanta, to let him come home. His hands trembled so badly that he could not fold his letter, and he got me to do it for him. I think that I also directed it for him. I took it to the street-car, and mailed it. About dark he took his bed, and from it he never rose. Professor A. E. Steed came over to see the sick boys after supper. He sat with me, in my room, where Hamilton was, until near midnight. He told me to get Tom Burdett to sit up until day, with Hamilton. At about 12 o'clock I went to get Burdett. I found him writing a letter, and he told me to wait for him in my room until he finished it. While going back to my room, I could hear West shouting in his delirium. We sat with Hamilton until 2 or 3 o'clock, when seeing that he was asleep, Burdett went to his room, and I got in with Hamilton and we both slept until morning.

SUNDAY.

I WENT after a Doctor for Hamilton, about 9 o'clock. George was very sick, hardly conscious. Professor Steed telegraphed for his father to come to Macon immediately. When the Dr. arrived, he examined Hamilton, said that he was not much sick, and wrote off a prescription for a cold. I took it to a drug-store and had it filled out, and he commenced using it at once. It now began to be the opinion of the doctors that West had the meningitis, and that he would die. About 11 o'clock Hamilton went to sleep, and on awaking an hour or so afterwards, he was delirious. I immediately went and brought the doctor. He pronounced it a dangerous case. He again prescribed, and the medicines were used. On returning from going after some medi-

MONDAY.

cines, I went into George West's room to see how he was getting along, and was shocked to find that he was dying. Weeping friends were standing around the bed of the poor boy who was breathing his last, so far away from home. Soon he was dead! To describe the effects of his death, would be impossible. Fear settled upon half the students. Some immediately carried their trunks to the depot, and left on the first train. Mr. West (George's father) did not arrive until night. His wife came with him. They found their oldest son, with whom they had parted a few weeks ago, a stiffening corpse. When Professor Steed saw that Hamilton was getting worse, he telegraphed for his parents. Hamilton and Stafford sat with him until twelve, when Butts and I relieved them and remained until morning. He slept a great deal, but grew worse with the returning day. He seemed very anxious about the coming of his parents. His mother came, with her second husband, Dr. McLean, a Scotchman that she had lately married. Hamilton soon grew delirious. As his natural protectors were in charge of him, and it was impossible for me to sleep in the bed with the dying boy, I gave up my room to them to use as they should think fit, and went down into Macon to get me a new boarding place.

GEO. WEST'S DEATH.

Several other of the boys were found sick this morning. Bennett, Tripp, Mott, Denmark, and Booker. All day, boys were leaving, scared nearly to death. I am almost confident that some of the students scared themselves into the disease. Among them, Booker, Burdett, and the best-hearted of all boys—Bennett.

SICKNESS SPREADING RAPIDLY.

But if the other days were sad and dismal, this was doubly so. Hamilton, Harvey, Gualden, Booker, Tripp, Mott, Allen, were in the dreaded folds of meningitis. Bennett was lying dead in his room. The panic increased with the spreading of the disease. So that the exercises of the College were suspended, indefinitely, and the members of the Faculty advised all the boys to go home, until the excitement was over. It is said that one of the boys, Joseph Walker, being out of money, and afraid to remain in Macon, walked to his home, in Milledgeville, where he, his sister, and his mother died. On Friday, Preston Johnson and I went home. On the cars, was the corpse of Charles Booker. Many died after they reached home, among them —Burdett, Mizell and Asbury. Mott died, and Hamilton, one of the first to get sick, was also one of the last to die.

WEDNESDAY.

Hamilton's sickness was very affecting. He had a wonderfully good constitution, and long did it struggle with the terrible disease before it was subdued. During his suffering, he was for the most part delirious, sometimes wildly starting up in his bed and shouting at the top of his voice. Sometimes resting quietly and muttering so lowly as scarcely to be heard. He had not been told of West's death, or even of Bennett's illness: yet in his wanderings he seemed to imply it. At one time, he turned to those around him and said: "What is George doing with that handkerchief around his head?" And again he cried out: "Bennett, what are you sitting there looking at me in that way for?" Sometimes he would imagine that he was addressing the Legislature and make them a long speech, again he would commence with "Gentlemen of the Jury". Once as he was in the bed, with his eyes closed, he said, with an intonation that was truly affecting: "You say ambition! and

LAST DAYS OF JAMES F. HAMILTON.

what is ambition?" It is impossible to imagine the tone of sorrow with which the proud, wealthy, ambitions boy pronounced those simple words. Those who heard them, will never forget the heart-rending, despairing voice that wailed them forth. Two or three days before he died he became rational for awhile, and told one of the students that he knew he could not live long. He did not say how the approach of death affected him. He died quietly and easily, and was buried in Thomson, Georgia. The Phi Delta Society adopted suitable resolutions on his death.

During his sickness he was nearly always raving about *home*. He wished to go home before he took his bed, but was waiting for his mother's consent. In his delirium once or twice he sprang from his bed, caught up his overcoat, and said he was going home, and he was obliged to be held by main force. "Home! Home!" was his cry from the first to the last.

On the 3d day of March the College Exercises were resumed, though I was so long sick in Augusta (after visiting old friends and relatives in McDuffie) that I did not get back until the beginning of May. Several boys died of the same disease on coming back, but we still stay here, though not in the Mess Hall. Of course there are many whose parents, or their own fears will not let them come back. Indeed Mercer University has received a terrible blow. Some of her most promising young men have been carried away, and years of perfect health will not efface the bad impression which this fatal disease has given. This disease completely baffles the skill of all the physicians. They seem to know very little more about it than the rest of us. Several of the newspapers, as newspapers always do, have printed infallible cures, but they have given little or no satisfaction to those who tried them. Some of the patients here got well,—two or three I believe. Among them Gaulden, Harvey, and the negro cook of the Mess Hall. Mr. McBride, the Superintendent of the Mess Hall, lost one of his little daughters. The Mess Hall is now used only as an eating place, Mr. Daniels and Ward, with the Superintendent's family, being the only ones staying in it. Daniels never left it, at all, during the panic.

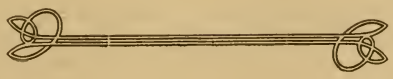
REOPENING.

MORE DEATHS.

MESS HALL.

(After I had left for College, in 1872, the family had removed to Augusta. They returned to the old home in 1877.)

While there were cases of meningitis down in the city of Macon, it raged nowhere as it did in the Mess Hall. This building had been erected on a low, damp spot, and had but recently been finished. We were crowded into it while the walls were still undried.



THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

BOOK II.—Chapter XVI.

"JACKSON was of great assistance to me in my War upon the Bank". So spake Thomas Benton, who in his public speeches, in Missouri, always alluded to himself in the third person, pronouncing the name "Banetun". This self-complacent remark is usually cited as a humorous exhibition of monumental vanity, but it contains more than a grain of truth. Benton had long been the determined foe of the Bank, and he was the colossus of the Congressional assault upon it. When the historiacl estimates of American Statesmen come to be revised, for final record, Clay will be taken down, a peg or two: Daniel Webster will not rank so high: and both Calhoun and Benton will go up higher.

Clay was bold enough and far sighted enough to stand for the governmental ownership of the telegraph: but he was ruinously wrong on finance and taxation. No principle more fatal to an equitable distribution of wealth, and, therefore, to civilization itself, can be conceived than "The American System" of Henry Clay. The law which, under the guise of Protecting me in my business, deprives you of your property and gives it to me, cannot be consistent with sound morals, or national happiness. The beneficiaries of such legislation are humanly bound to become increasingly powerful, rapacious, and unscrupulous. The victims of the system necessarily multiply in numbers and in wretchedness.

One of the American millionaires, Joseph Fels, (a soap manufacturer) rather startled the country a few weeks ago, by saying, publicly, that such men as himself and Carnegie and Rockefeller and Morgan "felt like robbers". *That is just what they are.* Such a remark is a natural tribute to the "statesmanship" of Henry Clay.

The truth is, Clay found it so easy to win his way by oratory, boldness of initiative and magnetic manners that he never studied any question thoroughly. He was a shallow thinker, a weak reasoner, a superficial lawyer, and a President-seeking statesman.

In the recently published correspondence of John C. Calhoun, it astonished me to find a letter written to an influential South Carolinian, in which *Mr. Calhoun urged a system of State-built railroads.*

The Federal Government was returning some thirty odd million dollars to the States. It was a surplus and the banks did not demand and get it, because they needed it in their business, as they do nowadays—and as they have done ever since President Cleveland set the noble, patriotic precedent.

No: Jackson divided the Surplus among the States, to whose people it belonged.

How differently these things are managed, in our own day and time! To keep it from competing with the banker's interesting-bearing currency, $150,000,000 in gold lies idle in the Treasury, under the cynical pretense of redeeming Greenbacks, which nobody wants redeemed and which the law says shall be immediately reissued, if redeemed!

Besides this favor to the banks, our good and great Government—the best on earth! leaves among the banks, permanently, vast sums of the peoples' money, which the people may borrow from the banks, if they can furnish good collateral!

Does any other government outrage the commonalty in that manner? Is any other nation under the sun so remorselessly, so openly, so calamitously operated in the interest of a privileged few? Are the masses—anywhere on the globe! so mercilessly plundered as ours are?

Not anywhere else in the wide, wide world!

But—coming back to Calhoun—when the Surplus was divided among the States, the long-headed Statesman *advised that the States use it to build railroads.* He urged that South Carolina, and Georgia should construct trunk lines from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi, *and he suggested substantially the routes which have since been utilized.*

When you reflect upon what might have been the result of the adoption of Calhoun's plan, you cannot withhold your admiration of his broad, far-sighted statesmanship.

His financial views—not at the beginning of his career, but farther on—were equally sound. He favored an exclusively governmental system—*money issued directly to the people, without the intermediary banker, and consisting of fiat gold, fiat silver, and fiat paper.*

How great is the hypnotic power of a word! People grow scared when you talk of issuing "fiat money". All *money* is now, and ever has been, "fiat" money. That is, *the law*, and not Nature, creates it.

Had Mr. Calhoun's financial views prevailed, and become our settled policy, this country would not now be at the mercy of the Morgan Money Trust, with its vast federation of uncontrollable, irresistible billions. The Federal Government itself, is one of the indispensable assets of the business of the Morgan syndicate. Excepting the Secretary of the Navy, every Cabinet officer is an attorney of some corporation of the Morgan confederation. *The President's brother belongs to the system.* Mr. Taft is an experienced man of affairs, and must have known that when he was choosing corporation lawyers for his Cabinet, what sort of doings would be the result. *He must have known, when he turned over to Ballinger our coal-lands and our power-sites what that rascal would do with them.*

The Guggenheim-Morgan band of robbers had employed Ballinger to grab these properties, and when Guggenheim asked that Ballinger be placed in charge of them, *the President must have known that Guggenheim's hireling would deliver what he was paid to get.*

So with Wickersham, the Attorney-General, whose profundity as a lawyer was so amusingly illustrated a few days ago. Accused by Congressman Martin of being a Sugar Trust attorney he denied it; but said that *his partner* was! That partner *is the brother of President Taft.* What kind of an Attorney-General did the President think Mr. Wickersham would be?

When he chooses black sheep, by what process does he expect to whiten their wool?

Wickersham has apparently sandbagged those prosecutions of the swindlers and thieves who, after being caught with the goods, kindly returned a part of them. He wrote Solicitor Wise that influence would be brought to bear on the President to prevent the indictment of the Sugar Trust criminals. *Whose influence?* And *how* brought to bear?

Such things are never voluntarily revealed, and rarely become known.

But see what the Sugar Trust got by having their lawyer-partner to the President's brother! in the Cabinet.

Wickersham set aside the Organic Act under which the Philippines are being governed, and sold 55,000 acres of our land to his client! The law forbids the sale of more than 2,500 acres

to any one corporation; but the lawyer whose opinion on *Partnership* is so novel, held that the Organic Act did not apply to *the friar lands.* The Catholic Orders had gobbled 400,000 acres of the choicest soil in those unhappy Islands; and Mr. Taft, when in control over there, paid the pious cheats $18. per acre for their holdings.

Comes the Sugar Trust and selects 55,000 acres—and it is to be presumed that they did not choose the least fertile spots—*and their lawyer lets his clients have the dirt at $6. per acre.*

How richly doth it smell and taste of a certain transaction in bonds, which took place one night at the White House, when a President, who had been the attorney of J. P. Morgan & Company, *signed a contract—drawn by his partner, Stetson—which made his clients richer, by eleven million dollars, when the market opened next morning!*

And Dickinson! *The craven scoundrel who went to Gettysburg—TO GETTYSBURG!* to fling a cowardly insult upon the memory of every loyal suporter of the Southern Confederacy, upon every hero who gave his life to the Lost Cause, and to every pathetic and revered survivor of the legions that wore the Grey! Dickinson, too, "made good". He was a Harriman lawyer, and with a haste that was no more indecent than that of Ballinger and Wickersham, *he betrayed the Government in the interest of the Harriman railroads.*

As to Secretary of State, Knox, his subservience to the Morgan syndicate is so notorious that we now consider our consuls, ministers and ambassadors as the diligent and deferential agents of our Trusts. Nicaragua, the President's personal intervention for Morgan in the Chinese loan, and the candid confession as to Dollar Diplomacy, makes further evidence cumulative, only.

Thus have we, again, the fruitage of the statesmanship of Webster and Clay. And when a future historian of unbiased mind and irreverent independence of thought comes to weigh these two bunglers at state-building, *down will go their rating.*

Benton's distinguishing merit is, that he foresaw, as Jefferson did, the destiny of the West. Not only that, Benton's unerring sagacity took in the fact that the West meant the Orient also.

While the statesmen of greater popularity and wider renown were surrendering, *as not worth contending for,* the magnificent territory which now lies in Canada, and to which thousnads of our best farmers have rushed and are still rushing, Benton had grasped the importance of every square mile of it. While Webster, with an imperial gesture, was asking, "*What is all this wilderness worth*"? and answering his own question, to his complete satisfaction with the word, "*Nothing*", Benton was picturing to the business men of St. Louis the gorgeous future of Western development and Oriental trade.

Recurring to Benton, Jackson and the Bank. The indispensable man, is ever entitled to his fame; and Thomas H. Benton was the indispensable man of that combat. Without a Jackson to storm at those delegations which the bankers sent to shake his resolution, Benton could not have held his own in Congress. The united strength of The Great Trio would have rescued Biddle and his Bank. No other man had the mental and physical fibre—the adamantine strength—to stand up to Webster, Clay and Calhoun day after day, night after night, week after week, as old Tom Benton did.

And—most pugnacious of men! he wouldn't let the Big Three off, with merely killing Biddle's Bank. He never rested until he compelled the Senate to draw black lines around the resolution which condemned Jackson's removal of the deposits, and to write

the word "*Expunged*" upon it. *The rough, tough, gruff old fighter had "The Great Trio" completely whipped!*

Jackson was, of course, intensely gratified; and he gave a formal banquet in honor to Benton and his loyal colleagues.

* * *

The feeling comes over me that I have lingered long enough over this story; and while there is a certain melancholy which depresses me in the completion of a book, I will bring this one to a rapid conclusion.

Really, there is not much more to tell. Upon the Texan revolt from Mexico a stirring chapter could be written; but that will come into my "*Story of the South and West*", which I take up next.

The old claims against France, growing out of the seizure of merchant vessels during the Napoleonic wars, were adjusted by treaty; but the money was not forthcoming. Jackson flew into one of his furies, and sent a message to Congress that was terribly insulting to France. Whereupon, every Frenchman began to "*Sacre Blue*"! and to dance with rage. Ministers were recalled, war-talk was in the air, and the two nations were deadlocked.

Strange to say, Jackson's administration had been most cordial to England, despite the furrow in his head, where the British officer had gashed him with his sword for refusing to clean his boots. At this crisis, when Jackson had the whole situation "balled up", (as in Florida when he was Governor) Great Britain offered her mediation. It was accepted, and the matter was soon arranged to the satisfaction of all parties. France paid the money, and the incident added immensely to the European prestige of Old Hickory and his country.

He named and elected his own successor; and Mr. Van Buren speedily reaped the whirlwind where his illustrious predecessor sowed the wind. State banks had sprung up like mushrooms, wild-cat money flooded the country, speculation became a craze, prices bounded upward, and the whole country was in a fever.

Down came Jackson's "Specie Circular", ordering land agents to demand gold and silver in payment of public domain. It was "Resumption", without due notice. It was "Contraction", by stroke of lightning. Just how much disaster was the consequence, no human being can estimate. The storm was fearful, and the wreckage was immense. Of course, the President should have issued the circular sooner, and given the country time for preparation. To revolutionize commercial methods so radically and so suddenly was a political error of the gravest magnitude.

Jackson himself escaped most of the trouble, but Van Buren couldn't. His administration was a failure. If he had had a policy, he could not have carried it out, for Congress was against him. In fact, he was cordially disliked and deeply distrusted. Popular nicknames generally hit the bull's eye, and *his* was "the Kinderhook *Fox*".

When Andrew Jackson took his leave of the White House his popularity seemed undiminished. At Van Buren's inauguration, the crowds paid no attention to "Matty". It was the white-haired old Chief that eager eyes singled out—that resonant voices cheered. The old man was very feeble, worn, emaciated; and those who looked upon him must have felt that they would see him no more. And to be able to say that they had seen Andrew Jackson, was something that three-fourths of the people considered a source of patriotic pride.

He went home to be received as Tennessee always received him—the hero of whom she was enthusiastically and affectionately proud. At the Hermitage he found things in a bad way. The Donelson's of Jackson's immediate cir-

cle were poor managers, and his adopted son was a Donelson. Heavy losses had been suffered, and the aged soldier was under the necessity of borrowing $10,000 for his pressing obligations. His friend Francis Blair was the lender.

Of course, he soon had his fine plantation on the self-supporting basis; and we hear of no further financial worries. He continued to take the liveliest interest in politics, and retained great influence. He was not able, however, to give Little Van a second term. In fact, "the Kinderhook Fox" was never liked in Tennessee; and he failed to carry it even when he gained the Presidency. Judge Hugh L. White, of Tennessee, carried both his own State and that of Georgia.

But for Jackson's feud with Col. John Williams, which drew into it his brother-in-law, Judge White, it is highly probable that Jackson would have chosen the able, upright and accomplished Tennessean as his political heir. There is no doubt that this feud weakened Jackson in his own State, and lost Tennessee to the Democratic party. *The Hermitage precinct went against Jackson's candidate, three to one!*

Whatever chance Van Buren had for a re-election was lost by his opposition to the annexation of Texas. In playing for Northern support, he lost much more at the South than he won elsewhere. During the campaign, Jackson did his utmost for "Matty". Among other things, he wrote and published a letter criticising General Harrison's military achievements, and stating that he did not have a high opinion of Harrison as a soldier. The letter did Van Buren no good.

The old hero was highly gratified when Tennessee went for James K. Polk; but as Polk was a popular, oft-honored native of the State, and the Texas question was in the campaign, and the rival candidate was the tactless, head-strong Henry Clay—whose own letter-writing ruined his chances—I can't see any Jacksonian victory in Polk's election.

Indeed, it is evident to me that his persistence in politics began to be resented. It had too much the appearance of dictation.

The General joined the church, and became very devout. He was fond of the society of preachers, who were ever welcome guests at the Hermitage.

His health was very bad during these closing years; and his strength gradually declined. A mis-step and stumble on the stair-way, one night in the White House, had wrenched open the falsely healed wound inflicted by Dickinson's bullet. Internal bleeding set in and Jackson's sufferings were great. Frequent hemorrhages, and a hacking cough plagued him so constantly during his Presidency that he was seldom a well man.

As he neared his end, his powers of endurance were taxed terribly. First, he would be gaspingly weak from violent diarrhea; and, then, would come dropsical swellings which puffed him from head to heel. The swelling disappeared when the bowel trouble seized him, only to return when it let go. It was an agonizing approach to the grave. Weaker after each crisis of his alternating attacks, regaining less of his strength after each, he was fully sensible of his nearness to death. But no one could have been more reconciled to it, and none could have borne the pain with greater patience and fortitude. He made no complaint, had no fears, suffered without a groan, was tenderly considerate of all who approached him. Many and many a night he could not lie down; many and many a day he was horribly racked by pain. But through the guard of this self-restrained, iron-willed soldier, could pass no word of weakness, of useless concession to disease.

On the very last day of his life, he "preached as fine a sermon", as those about had ever heard, holding forth an hour on religion. His kinspeople and his friends were in his room: the negroes were at the doors and windows. It was a wonderful spectacle—that of the dying man, he of the street affray, the cock-fight, the deadly duel, the inexorable military chieftain, the fiery party-leader, the hero of New Orleans, *preaching a sermon as he died!*

Alexander perished in a debauch: Caesar met sudden death with godlike composure: Hannibal drank poison: Frederick the Great, died like an unfeeling stoic: Washington, without a word which proved that his mind was on anything save himself and his property: John Adams' "I yet live", shows where his thoughts were: Jefferson, the amiable and unflinching Deist, had already delivered his message.

But Andrew Jackson, whose place is away up toward the top in the class of great men, *spent his last hours "preaching as good a sermon as I ever heard"*.

Not a man of books, not a man of great mental depth, but one whose practical head was clear within its own range—with instincts and intuitions which supplied the place of reasoning—he had witnessed the effects of religion on the lives of men and women; and he believed in it, most profoundly. It was enough for him that the good Christians whom he knew took the Bible as the very word of God. I don't suppose he had the faintest conception of the Buddhist, Mohammedan, or Confucian creeds and, to Andrew Jackson, the man who said in his heart, or otherwise, that there was no personal God, no actual malignant Devil, no real physical hell, no heaven with many mansions and harping angels, *was indeed a most aggravating fool.*

He told all the weeping attendants, white and black, to meet him in heaven. And he said what all true husbands say of all good wives, that, *if he did not meet his darling there*, it would not be Heaven to him.

After he had ended his sermon, he sat quietly in his chair. He knew the rider of the pale horse was very near. But not the slightest regret nor misgiving crept into his soul. No: indeed. Andrew Jackson had always done what he had made up his mind to do. His self-confidence had always been sublime. He had not had the slightest doubt that he would whip the Bentons, kill Dickinson, crush the Indians, destroy the British, coerce France, demoralize the Spanish, rout Calhoun, burst Biddle's bank, repulse and overthrow the Great Three. One day on deep water, the boat was being knocked about, by big waves, and one of the men with him expressed anxiety. Old Jackson looked at him with those fierce blue eyes and said,

"I see, sir, that you have never been much with *me*".

Caesar had said virtually the same thing, under practically the same circumstances.

And now the indomitable man was in his last fight—with Death and the Devil—and he was just as sure of winning it as he had been at Horse-shoe Bend or New Orleans.

He had made up his mind to go to heaven, and he was going. No doubts about it at all: *he was going.*

And so great is the impression made by unbending determination and unvarying success that the papers, soon after Jackson's death, were circulating a dialogue between two New Yorkers, one of whom said that Jackson was in heaven, and the other, asking how such a thing could be known to be a fact, received the answer:

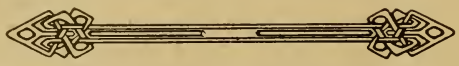
"Andrew Jackson *said* he was going to heaven, and as he had made up his mind to go, you may be certain that he is *there*."

The release of the dying man was painless. He had remained seated in his chair, and one of his last acts was

to greet his old friend, Col. Lewis. "You like to have been too late", Jackson remarked to him calmly. Then, he put on his spectacles to see some of the children, better. Then he sat with eyes closed for a space, free from pain. Easily, like one going to sleep, he *went* to sleep—the head which nodded forward, and which met the supporting hand of Wiliam Lewis, being cold in death.

It was the 8th of June, 1845.

(THE END)



Negation

Grace Kirkland

As she who folds an unworn robe, besprent
With tears, where had been christening drops instead,
Save that her still-born sonling's soul had sped
E'er theologue might reason where it went,
Might mourn that Motherhood's sublime intent
Should be revealed to one so sore misled,
And choose a deeper anguish for the dead
If only had the babe been longer lent:

Such are the lives that scarce may own they're sad,
Yet know the brooding that turns young hearts old;
Lives wherein naught but doomed desires, grown cold,
Chill the drear wastes of physic tragedy;
Grey griefs, unlightened by bright memory—
Weak, wistful lives, that never lost—nor had!

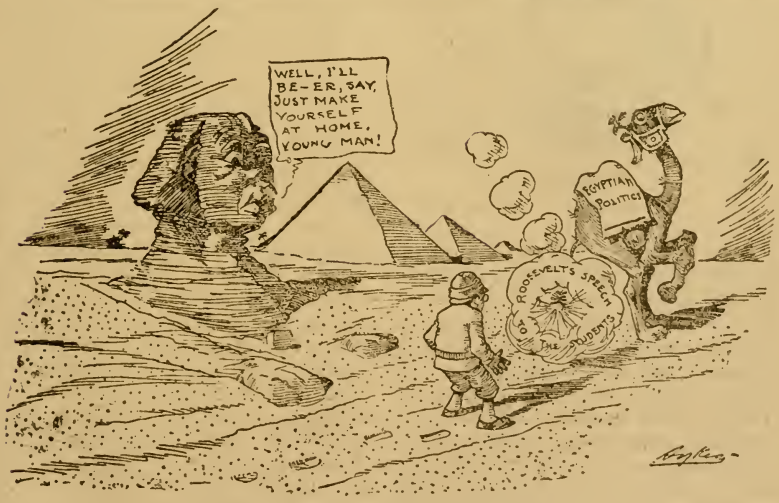
By TOM DOLAN

NO sooner had Bwano Tumbo emerged from the jungle than he took charge of Egypt in a speech lauding British reign there, and rebuking those thoughtless thousands of Nationalists who emit such absurdities as "Egypt for the Egyptians" and "Home Rule".

T. R. IN SPHINX LAND.

Having found nothing but good in England's control of India, it was highly natural that Mr. Roosevelt should frown down upon the benighted beings who are not content with Things as They Are. If the universe could be run by Theodore, things in all respects would be perfect. But, he makes it quite clear, he is too generous to deprive England of what it already has, so long as it is doing so well. The *entente* between Teddy and Brittania may continue, so far as he is concerned.

* * * *



If the Sphinx Could Speak —Nashville *Banner*

It was, of course, the assassination of Boutros Pasha Ghali, the Prime Minister of Egypt, which occurred

one of those things which will not down. Logically, it may be a silly sentiment, but it is one of the sentiments which has always moved the world.

Almost!

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

When a sense of subjugation grows intolerable, there will always be found the hot-head who makes a personal affair of it between some one representing the dominant party and himself. Suppose England should make of the United States a colonial possession? And by wiser methods than our own, eradicate tuberculosis, stamp out typhoid fever, reduce railway and industrial accidents to a minimum, compel arbitration of strikes and, above all, abolish the national scourge of Graft? Would Teddy consider these benefits proportionate to surrender of the right to self-government? Well, hardly.

* * * *

the next thing is either the correction of that injustice by those practising it, or "a shot heard 'round the world".

THE PARENT TURNS.

MOTHER with a handout of thickly buttered bread is a magnet to draw any son her-ward; but mother, with the hairbrush, or daddy's razor strop, is a vision to make indefinite playing hookey the one desirable course.

Think of New Jersey being both kinds of a mother! Or the same mother, in the two widely different moods!

Always considered the maternal ancestor of trusts, the meat-packers, part of her lusty brood, looked not at all with apprehension at Uncle Sam's investigations, indictments and possible trivial fines. No penitentiary sentence faces either the men higher up, or lower down. Profits had been enough for even the insatiable greed of the cold-storage thieves and murderers to look with complacence upon a slight enforced contribution to satisfy the judgment of any Federal Court, and all was lovely. Then, wonder of wonders! the State of New Jersey started a little indictment of her own against the creatures she had made—and not only fines, but jails, confront the guilty men, who are fighting against extradition. Oh, ho! The faithful mother is to be avoided, *now*, where formerly she was the ever-present aid and comfort to would-be monopolies.

It is high time that New Jersey did take cognizance of her own bad emi-

nence, and did something to redeem a reputation notoriously bad. It points the way by which real control may be accomplished, and by which feeble Federal "passes" at control may be foiled. It has been clear that Government prosecutions could not be other than a farce, in nearly all such cases. It is also apparent that the statutes of every State have adequate provision to punish monopolists and protect the public, if they be but enforced.

The people are tired of these stage dissolutions, wherein the corpse simply rises to take another part after the curtain fall. New Jersey is in a position, as having issued many of the letters of marque by which these pirate corporations have sailed industrial seas, to effect a forfeiture and thus scuttle the ships.

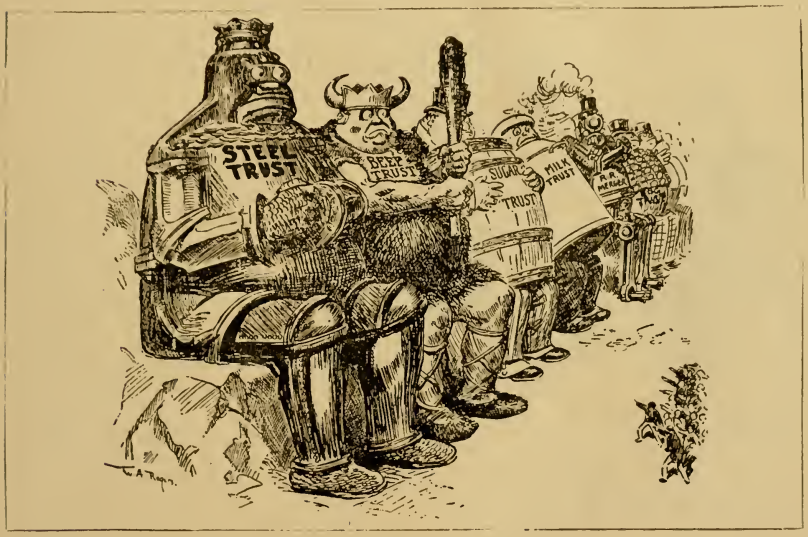
THE RAILWAY BILL UNDER FIRE.

AFTER duly consulting with the magnates concerned, Mr. Taft caused to be prepared his pet Administration measure—the railway bill, which is now running the Congressional gauntlet.

Briefly, it does away with the irksomeness, to the railroads themselves, of the Sherman Anti-Trust law; it permits mergers; allows the purchase of stock by one railroad of another; and gives them authority to make rates, which, if not just to the public, must be brought before a Court of Commerce, whose creation is specified in the bill.

That the measure is wholly in favor of the railroads will be seen at a glance. Only by combination of many shippers, for instance, could a complaint

Cartoons on Current Topics



"They're Going to Dissolve Us!" —New York *Herald*

(The trusts anxiously awaiting the Supreme Court decisions In the Standard Oil and the Tobacco cases)

of extortionate rates, or discrimination, effectively be brought before such Court. And then would be the age-long interval of gathering statistics, hearing testimony, etc. If at the end of months, or years, such rates were disapproved, the railroads would have enjoyed their inequitable profits during the interval, and how would the Court, in case of deception or defiance, enforce new schedules? The roads would be strongly intrenched, and prosecution of them for defiance of orders would result, at best, in fines tri-

The Sick Elephant and the New Doctor

(Apropos to the appointment of the Hon. Wade Ellis as Chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee)

—The Cincinnati *Post*

fling compared to the enormous advantages they were allowed to enjoy.

A cobweb would be about as effective in stopping an express train, as Mr. Taft's feebly judicial Court of Commerce in preventing railway abuses. As its futility might lead to the strong executive control by the Government, some value might ultimately come out of it. Otherwise, it would better fade away, as probably it will.

* * * *

Were the railroad bill the best measure that could be framed, it would encounter a natural opposition due to its inception and introduction. Strong sentiment resents Mr. Taft's attempt at dictating the actual bills, instead of indicating the legislation he approves, and allowing the machinery of the House and Senate to take care of the work. Rightly so, too. Mr. Taft's desire to facilitate legislation may spring from anxiety to accomplish results with as little delay as possible, but bills presented in this manner have too much the appearance of promulgations from the throne to suit American tastes. He is imbued too thoroughly with ideas that doubtless were soaked into him by his long administration of "colonial" affairs.

CONTRASTING CASES.

WHILE the Burley Society is being attacked as a "conspiracy in restraint of trade", under the provisions of the Sherman Act, the American Federation of Labor has laid before Attorney-General Wickersham sworn statements and documents charging that the United States Steel Corporation (the Steel Trust) has crushed competition, acquired properties in violation of the Anti-Trust law, formed monopolies, inaugurated boycotts, intimidated and beaten employees, and so forth.

The activities of Mr. Wickersham in each case will be fascinating to behold. It is easy to guess where his heart lies.

GOVERNORS WHO CAN SYMPATHIZE WITH EACH OTHER.

SAID the Governor of New York to the Governor of New Jersey—, well, what *could* he say?

The two Governors may neither know, nor love each other, but surely they now have common cause for woe and mutual sympathy. For Hughes has had a Legislature so rotten that the Albany investigations leave unsmirched the reputations of few of the Senators

and Congressmen who have filled the offices. The Allds disgrace ended with his resignation, to avoid removal. It was the starting point for widespread revelations which prove that little has been done there for years except to traffic in legislation and barter the public interests for their private gain.

While the end in Albany is not yet, comes on New Jersey, with a scandal even more salacious. Committee rooms given over to sheer debauchery, and lewd women literally furnished for the entertainment of these vulgar men; even the House invaded by drunken creatures of both sexes, and shamelessness rampant!

Governor Fort seems to be a good man. Some time ago he "threw up his hands" and confessed himself unable to obtain the results he promised the people, because his Legislature was too corrupt for any reform measure to pass.

No one will hereafter wonder why he failed, but the Legislature guilty of this indecency should be driven out of the State.

While the Allds case involved the bridge-building concerns, the great insurance companies domiciled in New York have also been proven guilty of hiring lobbyists to put through legislation which they wanted, and, in some instances, it seems that the grafters trimmed the insurance companies very neatly. It was, as charged, about as much a case of blackmail as of bribery.

PITTSBURG ALL SMUT.

ANOTHER graft sensation has been sprung in Pittsburg, with the result that wholesale indictments have been returned, others are likely to be, and a score of men accepted the "immunity bath" by confessing. Indeed, so great was the rush to confess and thus escape prosecution, that the investigators had to make some of the guilty wait until they could get to their cases, so many hearings crowded upon them at once.

Indignation meetings have been held, and the city is aroused. As in Philadelphia, the probability is that a distinct political organization will be formed for the sole purpose of cleaning up the town.

Reaching

—"H. M.," in the Portland *Oregonian*

THE SOUTH DOES NOT ESCAPE THE TAINT OF GRAFT.

MISSISSIPPI is in the throes of an investigation of the charge made by Senator Bilbo that bribery was used by the supporters of the recently elected United States Senator, Leroy Percy, to procure his election. The criminations and recriminations are coarse and sordid. During that prolonged deadlock, it was more than hinted that the Percy faction was using unclean methods, and that certain interests were willing to buy his seat in Con-

gress. There is little doubt that if ex-Governor Vardaman could have gone before the people, he would have been overwhelmingly elected, and it is most unfortunate that we are still using the antiquated machinery relative to United States Senators which makes them little more than appointees of a handful of officials. It gives too much power to the machine, none to the people.

The Bucket Brigade

—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle*

WHETHER to charge all these evils to the perversity of human nature, the difficulties that must always make representative government alert, lest it fall; or to the arrival of Halley's comet, it would be hard to decide. With the coming of the latter, the astrologer would corrugate his thoughtful brow, and predict dire calamity to come upon the world, but there is at present a decidedly reassuring note of peace, everywhere.

CIVIL, BUT FEW MILITARY WOES.

England and Germany have abated some of their hysterical fear of each other, the former country having plenty to do with interior affairs, and the latter being likewise engaged in settling its domestic difficulties. There has been no pronounced change in the situation which confronts Mr. Asquith and the probabilities seeming in favor of his administration doing weakly a few things that must be done, and allowing a new election to settle more definitely what are to be the policies of that country. The House of Lords cheerfully offers to reform itself, rather than be reformed by its enemies, but will also be in no haste about a change. This, too, is for the future really to decide.

Germany has the franchise question upon it by several million exasperated Prussians, who demand substantial representation in some degree commensurate with their numerical strength. This embarrassing insistence Mr. Bethmann-Hollweg tried to placate by a measure which was so palpable a refusal of the very things desired that rioting ensued, which the police coped with after the fashion of police the world over—that is, sheer brutality, which ran down, beat and mauled every one within reach, women as well as men.

Bethmann-Hollweg is very weak. Few could have stood so close to the Me-und-Gott Emperor as his predecessor, Prince Von Bulow, and remained a figure of such force and grace. Von Bulow would have met the situation better, perhaps, but even he was eternally hampered by the dictatorial irrationality of Wilhelm, which has eviently overborne the present Chancellor altogether.

Under the existing conditions, Prussans are virtually disfranchised. The

object of the government is to satisfy them by a ridiculous basis of representation, while it explains to the outside world that they are so beautifully governed, as it is, they should ask no representation at all.

Germany will have to yield, of course. It may take time, cause bloodsheed, but the Empire is not so secure from external troubles as to offend a full half of her own people by withholding their rights.

Spiked

—Nashville *Banner*.

LATE in March last there occurred one of those political sensations which for the time being occupy almost the exclusive attention of editor and cartoonist. *Joe Cannon has fallen!* Seemed to be the cry, exultantly from the insurgents, despairingly from the standpatters. By the sudden, strong coalition of the forces in rebellion against the gag rules, Cannon was deposed from his position as head of that Committee. It marked a definite step toward better things. For Cannon was not to be understood merely as head of the Committee—he was the Committee—he was Congress—he was It. Shorn of his authority ever so slightly, the whole was endangered. None knew it better than he and the Interests whose mouthpiece he has been.

SHAKEN, BUT NOT FRACTURED.

The jubilation came too soon. Something else happened, and that something was the snapping of the tension, the loosening of the pressure.

Cannon had been beaten , but Cannonism was alert, alive, and glowering in the background. Those whose numerical strength had been needed for the overthrow vote, became suddenly conservative. They saw things which took all the starch out and left them limply withdrawing from further fight.

To down the Speaker; to liberalize the methods of the House so as to have Committees elected by the House, instead of being appointed by the Speaker, would be "revolutionary". And there must be no revolution, anywhere, for any purpose, of course. Things must go on in the same rut, Congress must continue to be a choice body of official parasites. The allies of the real insurgents were compelled to save their faces by doing *SOMETHING* in response to the popular demand, something with which to meet the questions of their constituents: Cannon was the answer to that, but Cannonism, perpetuated by some other Speaker, retaining the same convenient rules, was more than their craven souls could attack.

It is so nice to go to Washington and have a high old time, enjoying the gaieties of the Capital, hob-nobbing with its celebrities, drawing good pay (and dare one say perquisites?) and having nothing to do but draw breath, champagne corks and honorariums. But the M. C. can't "do anything, you know, on account of those gag rules." That has been for years his excuse for non-failure of decent legislature, and passage of bills that were outrages upon his own constituents.

People should be humbly grateful for what they get, and the public should never look the gift-horse in the mouth. And still, despite the general joy which has prevailed, the querelous one might inquire: Why didn't they accomplish something while they were at it? And, why did they only start to do the other day the thing which should have been done somewhere in the Dark Ages?

Cannon and his work has been looked upon in Europe as a survival of a vicious era which should have passed out of American politics with the elimination of the carpetbagger or the kinky-headed legions he led.

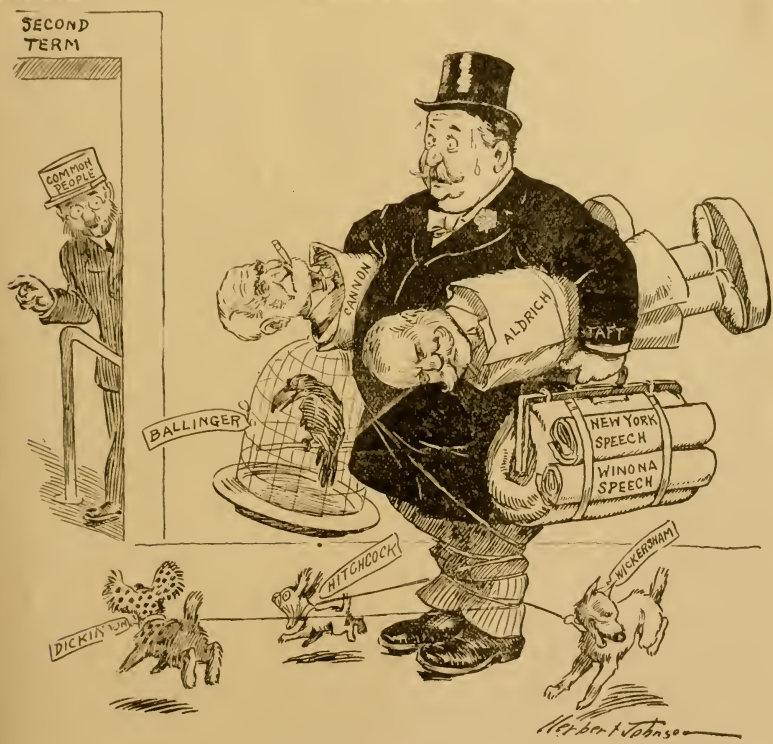
REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN, of Colorado, demands a Congressional investigation of a sale of 55,000 acres of Philippine land to the Sugar Trust for the paltry sum of $6.50 per acre, and against the direct legal provision that no more than 2,500 acres in the Islands should be sold to any one corporation.

THE TRANSACTION IS A PUBLIC OUTRAGE.

Why make plain the obvious, Mr. Martin? Every one knows the history of the transaction to date. These lands represent a small part of the vast accumulation of property of which the

Spanish friars robbed the Filipinos. When our benevolent Government, acting through the genial Wm. Howard Taft, then general errand boy of the administration, made peace with Spain, the Church of Rome demanded and easily got about $18.00 an acre for all these "Friars' lands", for which the Filipino natives are being made to pay. And now, our distinguished Attorney-General literally gives these lands to the most obnoxious of all the Trusts, stating that the provision as to a 2,500-acre limit to foreign corporations, (which limit had been observed until this monopoly made its demands, however,) does not apply to the Friars' lands!

What kind of a scoundrel is Wickersham that he does not even try to cover up the iniquity, the utter illegality of such transaction? What kind of a man is Taft, that he permits such an outrage?



Door-keeper: "You'll have to check some of that outside, Mr. President!"
—*LaFollette's*

Wickersham and Henry H. Taft were partners, not longer than two years ago. The law of parntership is clear and binding that one is responsible for the acts of the others, and so strong is the presumption of equality that it requires special showing for any Court to believe that profits and losses

are not to be shared alike. If Henry H. Taft made law fees out of the Havemeyer gang, he was bound to divide with Wickersham. And if he represented the Sugar Trust as counsel, Wickersham was as responsible to the corporation for the conduct of its legal affairs as was Henry H.

The thing is so plain, that but one thought suggests itself: "After us, the deluge." It looks, all along the line, as though the President and his Cabinet recognize themselves as deservedly discredited, and simply propose to do anything they please and make what they can, during the three years that remain to them of opportunity for the spoils.

JUSTICE BREWER DIES.

THE Supreme Court sustained a serious loss in the death of Associate Justice David J. Brewer, whose long service upon that bench had been in conformity with the higher judicial traditions, many of which are all too rapidly passing away. His attitude relative to the unconstitutionalitp of the Income Tax was adverse, and his open expression thereof was to many minds a breach of the strict conventions of the tribunal he represented; still, he was probably personally sincere, and openness is less to be feared than secresy in any doubtful issue.

The question of the appointment of a successor will be for Mr. Taft to decide. Rumors have said that Richard A. Ballinger might possibly be elevated to the Supreme Bench. It is scarcely conceivable, however, that the Presient would take such a step. His appointment of Lurton shocked the public sense of fitness profoundly, and anything further of that nature would be almost enough to demand that the Supreme Bench be abolished. Certainly, it would bring about the vital need to do away with life tenure of office, and make these Judges responsible, periodically, to the public for their conduct in office. This in itself is desirable, but should be brought about in a better way than sheer sense of outrage over particular men.

AN EFFORT TO PROTECT WATER-POWER.

A WATER Power Bill has been framed in the Senate, which provides that water-power sites on the public domain may be leased by the State wherein they lie, after the State has applied to the Federal Government; and providing that the State must see that the conditions of the lease are not violated and that the rates charged to the public are reviewed at least every ten years.

The measure is simply a compromise between Federal and State control, and in the present uncertainties promises to avoid some of the dangers which might arise, were complete control to vest exclusively in either. Rates ought to be reviewed oftener than ten years, however, though presumably that is to be optional with the State and could be brought about by request of its citizens.

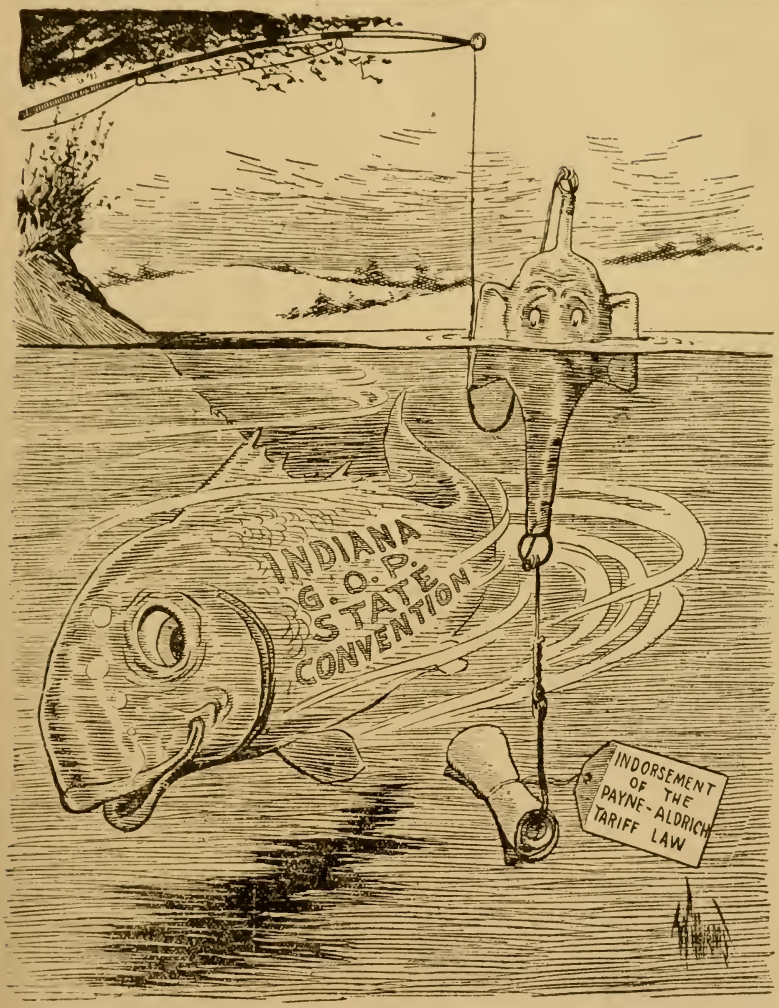
BUSY TIMES IN WASHINGTON.

ANYHOW, Congress has a deal upon its hands, and of investigations the public is assuredly having a most unpleasant surfeit.

The Ballinger-Pinchot controversy continues, while the departure of Mr. Pinchot for the purpose of conferring with Mr. Roosevelt in Europe lends zest of speculation to the outcome of the affair. That it will be an attempted whitewash, is probable, but the testimony laid before the public has been preponderantly in favor of the ex-Chief of the Forestry Department and his doughty subordinate, Louis R. Glavis.

Every move he makes, prejudices Richard A. Ballinger. His public speech on Conservation was a mere rep-

etition of what has long been said as to the need to protect our natural resources, but Ballinger made, of course, the point that what was done should be done "within the law". Considering the question as to the probable supply of coal, he averred that there was enough to last about 7,000 years, which would give almost time enough for our laws to waddle up to the necessities of



Not Even a Nibble

—Boston *Herald*.

conservation, if they are now inadequate to enable the scrupulous Richard Achilles to keep Alaska from the Morgan-Guggenheimer bunch, the Cunninghams and other ordained developers of that promising land.

Against Mr. Ballinger's reassuring estimate as to coal, is other expert testimony showing that the available quantity as now discovered, will be exhausted within about 70 years. Quite a discrepancy, and, if the price to the consumer were a gauge, it might be so scarce as to be exhausted in the next seven days.

AN INSULT—AND ITS LESSON.

ONE day, the visits of Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt to Rome will probably be looked upon as Providential. In both cases, there was to be an audience with Pope Pius. In both, it failed, because the infallible one refused them an audience, if they spoke to the Methodists in Rome. The incidents were almost identical. Ex-President Fairbanks was told that he could not come to the Vatican, if he spoke in the Methodist Church. He proceeded to speak, and ignore the Vatican. When an audience was to be arranged for Roosevelt, Cardinal Merry del Val politely mentioned the case of Mr. Fairbanks and intimated that Mr. Roosevelt was to govern himeslf accordingly. Then Theodore waxed warm under the collar, and left Pope Pius in all his glory—a little dimmed by the refusal of two Americans to bow their knees to his insolent authority.

Now, the Providence does not come in the insult given to these American citizns, but in the revelation which proves that Catholic intolerance is as strong today as ever. It had been so differently pictured over here. Cardinal Gibbons, Arch-Bishop Ireland, Falconio — were all going suavely about, preaching brotherly love, and the Protestants had joined the chorus which chanted "Tolerance, tolerance!" until it was almost high treason for one to breathe a word against His Eminence or Holy Church. America was asleep, while a snake coiled down with her, soon to be able to put its deadly fangs into her throat.

America is *AWAKE*, now. Awake to the fact that the Catholics have demanded, and received, more from this Government than any other Church obtained, against the Constitution forbidding the slightest union of interests between Church and State; is awake to the fact that its public schools are anathema to the Pope, who would make religion a part of all school training, and that religion—the Roman Catholic. Awake to the terrible subserviency of Taft to Catholic pressure. Awake to the damning fact that an Italian priest is the Ambassador of the Pope, and is received by this nation as such—thus recognizing the *temporal power of Rome* and the right of the Catholic Church to influence the heads of our Republic!

This is what our "tolerance" led us to, and that slap in the face given by Pius to Roosevelt and Fairbanks would not have been given if our own voluntary prostration at his feet had not caused him to think it could be done safely, and would be gloried in by his American "subjects!"

THE SCHEME EXPOSED, BUT WORKING.

THE corporation tax is assuredly proving to be just as nice an anchor to windward as a distressed campaign could desire. As pointed out when it went through, it was a license to do business during good behavior—or so long as the contributions were duly forthcoming. It had only one redeeming feature—and that was publicity. This has now been skilfully evaded by the gentle art of innocently failing (?) to provide any way whereby the clerical work of preparing these

reports shall be done. The Secretary of the Treasury—our dear friend MacVeagh—can't pay any money for this, without express authorization by Congress, and Congress failed specifically to do this, while providing an appropriation therefor. Mr. MacVeagh might explain this difficulty to Congress and be speedily relieved, but he prefers, evidently, to let the matter remain one of seeming helplessness, so the people cannot get reports, yet still excuse his failure to furnish them. Clever play, wasn't it?

* * * *

The Senate helped, also, when it refused to make an appropriation for this purpose, and provided that the returns of the corporations shall be made public only when the President or Congress deem proper.

CHINA'S MORAL STRUGGLE.

CHINA is making a desperate attempt to rescue her people from the opium curse, and has asked England to limit the poppy production, in India, while trying to deal with the evil already existing.

The changes are that pious England will agree to aid in the suppression of the opium traffic, and then wink the other eye. Glorious Brittania has assumed tremendous burdens in the uplift of humanity, particularly of the yellow and brown varieties. While benevolently assimilating India, she has also made the Hindoo poppy fields yield a big revenue through demoralizing China, and both countries have cause to be profoundly appreciative of the tender nurture they have received at England's "Christian" hands.

"My Policy" Tacoma (Wash.) *Times*

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe, he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

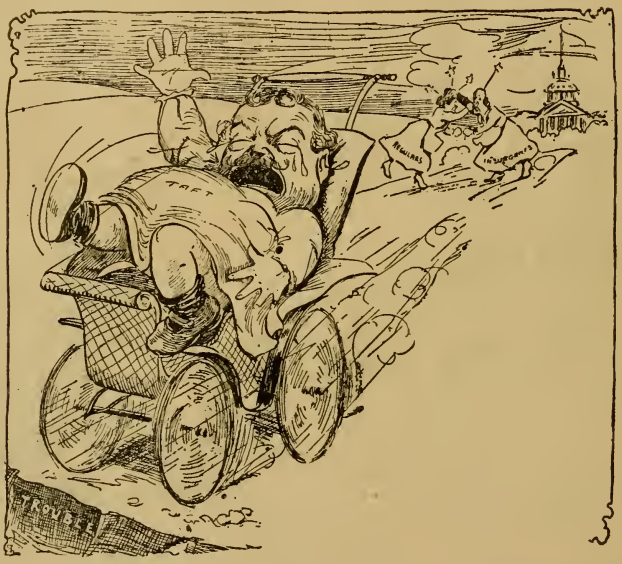
MAYOR GAYNOR grows like a giant in public esteem. His work in New York has already profoundly bettered the conditions of that metropolis, and in effect he is head of its entire police system.

A REAL REFORMER AT WORK.

He has saved vast sums to the taxpayers, promoted efficiency, and is bringing about a genuine reform of the crying abuses which made Gotham reek with iniquity.

His position with reference to taxing Church property shows an absolute fearlessness seldom seen in men in political life. He is right, unquestionably right. When Churches, like Trinity, of New York, are nothing in the world but corporations for the amassing of wealth; when splendid edifices, upon ultra-fashionable avenues, can be erected; when the glitter of the worldly display has taken from such Churches all their spirituality, and all their service to humanity, it is time to deal with them on a business basis. Taxing the hovel of the widow, and leaving untaxed rich real estate because it is "church property" is a relic of the same sort of superstition, bigotry and priestly privilege which has made the Church of Rome odious.

Mayor Gaynor will array against him a large element of the truly goods, but his radical views are in accord with right and justice and so are ultimately bound to prevail.



Neglected —Birmingham *Age-Herald*

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The Church edifice should be a mere convenience for gathering to worship, and to do Church work. Arguments that the rich won't attend humble churches is to argue that spiritual power depends upon stone and mortar, gilding and carving, luxurious appoint-

ments. But, if the rich just must have these splendors, let them pay taxes in proportion to their value, even as far less able concerns must do. *Certainment*, the poor dare not venture into one of these costly piles, and the great masses who need uplift cannot get it from such altars to Mammon.

CHURCHLY MISTAKES.

THE proposal of the M. E. Church, South, to build in the city of Washington a quarter or half-million-dollar Church, out of contributions drained from Southern Methodists, is another case that points to worldly pride, instead of evangelical zeal. It seems there is to be competition between the different denominations to erect the most expensive temple there, which means that next the Baptists, then probably the Presbyterians and so on, all down the line, will be straining every financial nerve to raise money enough to outstrip sister-churches in pomp, and put it all in a,—to the contributors—remote city, already having plenty of churches for all religious requirements. What object can there be in rivalling the Congressional Library, or other public building? What sort of religion will it prove to the non-believer, to see home needs slighted, and home charities neglected, in order to have a magnificent church building at the Capitol? Gradually, just such fanaticism makes people doubt the sincerity of all religion, and the constant cry that "men stay away from the Churches" will be justified by the very drift of the Church away from men. Not human needs,

Pick-me-up or Knock-me-down

PEER—"Well, if I've *got* to be doctored, I should really much prefer this little mixture of my own."

—London *Punch*

not the glory of God, not doing His commands—but rushing into money-getting and wasting, seems to be the madness of the religious world today.

A TALE OF LA RODA

By LOLLIE BELLE WYLIE

DEAD to the world, seemingly forsaken, La Roda lies sleeping in the sunshine.

Day after day the intolerable heat beats upon the crumbling walls, night after night the stars look placidly down upon the drowsy face of the town, but never its mood changes, never its pulses stir, never its blood goes mad.

Beyond all human evidence, the two stone lions that uphold the Gothic arches at the gate have kept guard over what lies beyond, and few there are in the whole world who know what lies within their slim shadow today.

And what lies beyond the gate of La Roda? Sleeping pigs with stomachs full of the vin ordinaire, beggars, Moors, lords and ladies who sleep their lives away through sluggish dreams. Visitors seldom stop at the gate, and few ever enter the town.

La Roda touches upon the plains of La Macha, the scene of Don Quixote's romantic knighthood, but it is not of Quixote and his Rosanantie that the people of La Roda will tell you now, but of Don Juan Hernandez and the lovely Donna Marie Roderiquez.

With his blood all warm with riding through the hot sun from the Capital, Don Juan dashed up to the gate of La Roda one afternoon, with a letter from the King hidden in the folds of his vest, and demanded admittance.

"Who calls?" a woman's voice asked musically, seemingly from in the air.

"A letter bearer from his Majesty! In the name of the King, open."

A pair of roguish eyes set in a saucy face looked over the balcony above. As the woman leaned forward, her mantilla slipped from her shoulders and a yellow jessamine fell from her hair to the pommel of the stranger's saddle.

"Give me my flower!" she cried, holding out her hand with a sudden mocking jesture. With that the eyes of the man and woman met and mingled. Juan lifted the flower to his lips.

"Give me the flower," the woman urged, with her mouth moused deliciously.

"When I am admitted," said Juan.

"But I may refuse to let you enter."

"Then, by the Mother of Jesus, I will climb to you," answered Juan.

With daring coquetry, the woman shook the long plait of her sunny hair over the rail and called: "Come! Come!"

In a moment, the messenger of the King sprang up into his saddle, erect and noble, and caught the end of the golden rope of hair in his hand and pressed it lightly to his lips.

"As the Parsee hopes to climb to heaven by his hair, so do I by this charming tress," he swore.

A wave of color swept the woman's face, but she laughed enchantingly. Then of a sudden she grew serious, and answered:

"That would only drag me down. It would never lift you up. Alberto," to an attendant inside the window of the tower, "admit the Messenger of the King."

As the great gate swung open, Don Juan seized Alberto by the arm, and in all haste questioned him:

"The Senorita—whom is she? Her name? Answer, quick, in the name of the King, whom is she?"

"They call her La Luc del Sol."

"She is indeed the light of the sun," the stranger cried, "but her name? Speak, or—" The hand of Hernandez sought the hilt of his dagger.

Alberto, trembling with age and fear, answered with dispatch: "She is the Donna Marie Roderiquez."

"It is true," said the woman, who had flaunted him from the balcony, "I am the Donna Marie Roderiquez, daughter to Don Emanuel Roderiquez, of La Roda."

She stood before Juan in all the proud dignity of her youth and station. Her mantilla no longer disclosed her sunny hair, but it did not hide her mischievous eyes, that still mocked him.

"I bear a letter to your father." Trembling with passionate admiration, Hernandez bowed, and produced a package bearing the seal of the King.

"My father has gone to Madrid. He rode away this morning. You must have met him on the road."

"I did not travel the public way. I came cautiously, lest I meet with disaster and lose the letter."

"Yes, yes, and the contents of the letter, you know its meaning?" cried Donna Marie, drawing Hernandez, until the perfume of her youth and beauty beat in upon his senses.

For a moment, the young man lingered with the intoxication that overcame him, then said: "It is your father's pardon."

Donna Marie clasped her hands gratefully. "I thank you for telling me, and for bringing the letter."

"And I—I thank the good God for sending me here."

Juan permitted his eyes to burn upon Marie until her lids drooped as flowers do when the sun beats fiercely upon them. He held out his hand, and in it was the jessamine.

"Take it," he said humbly, all the daring of his attitude was gone.

"Keep it," she answered softly.

Juan touched it to his lips and thrust the flower into his bosom.

"Alberto, take Don Hernandez's horse to the stable, and order cakes and wine to the court." Then to Juan, "Come!" and she led him to the shade of the olive trees, where the fountains were splashing.

II.

The moon rose softly over La Roda. Although it was late, Don Hernandez and Marie sat in the fragrant grove of olives.

"Sing to me," Juan was saying.

"No, tell me of yourself," said Marie capriciously.

"I am cousin to the King. I have always desired love, to lavish love. Within me," touching his breast lightly and passionately, "is an unexplored mine of treasure. Will you enter in, Donna Marie, and take possession of all the wealth that is there?"

For a moment the eyes of Marie mocked Juan.

"Will you enter in and claim your own?" pleaded Juan softly.

"I will—"

Juan reached out his arm to clasp Marie to him, but Marie pulled away quickly and said:

"I will sing!"

She touched the strings of her guitar lightly. "No," said she capriciously, "it makes a discord. I will not sing."

"I will give you a new guitar," Juan said.

"I will not accept it."

"It will be an exchange for the jessamine."

"Well, but listen!"

Again she swept the strings with her fingers. The instrument thrilled beneath her touch. It became a living thing. Plaintively, she sang a Moorish serenade in answer to some mood within her. With one of her whimsical transitions, she suddenly thrust the guitar away.

"My father did not betray the King," she said bitterly, "it was the carelessness of the King himself."

"The King is aware of that, and generously pardons your father."

"My father has gone to the King. He will be absent a long time, a fortnight, or more. Give me the letter."

"I will await his coming," said Don Juan promptly,

"That you can not do. Give me the letter."

"That I can not do. I am commanded by his Majesty to deliver the letter to Don Roderiquez, and into no other hands but his own. And I am to deliver it at La Roda. I would not dare risk the displeasure of his Majesty."

"You are risking a greater danger at La Roda."

"The danger of—"

"Fever. The town is already infected."

"I am already burning with the fever of love. I will remain."

III.

Several days elapsed. One morning a servant who had ridden out the gate of La Roda the day after Hernandez arrived returned, bringing with him a strange looking package. It was a guitar richly inlaid with gold and set with priceless jewels.

"For years," said Don Juan, "I have been setting aside a certain part of my income, for I am not wealthy, although allied to the Crown. The money was to buy a betrothal gift for the woman I intend to make my wife. The jewels are the jewels that my mother wore. I had no woman in view, until I met you. Take the gift, and remember always that I love you."

Marie held the guitar closely to her for a moment, and the hush of love rested upon the two.

Dear, delicious hours of song and laughter fell upon the lovers after that, as they dreamed in old La Roda. Shimmering olive leaves whispered over them as they wandered hand in hand into the cool shadows. Poppies blew them langorous kisses as they passed neglected fields, and the beggars drowsing in the sunshine beyond the gate, were never so richly rewarded as when the lovers went their way. Each day was a prophecy. Each night, a dream: and then—

Accompanied by Carlos, Don Emanuel Roderiquez returned to La Roda one day. The morning following his return, he called Marie to him and said:

"My daughter, I have arranged for your marriage with Carlos."

The girl went whiter than the pearls that encircled her throat. "I can not wed with him," she cried, "for I already love Don Juan Hernandez, the letter bearer of the King."

Don Roderiquez was impotent with rage. He was furious enough to strike his daughter. "So you dare defy me thus?" he said, recovering speech at last. "Then hear me! By the Mother of God, you shall never marry Don Juan. I have given my pledge to Carlos."

"I will marry none other than Juan," replied Marie, and she drew herself up proudly.

"Listen, child, Juan is a dare-devil. He will grow weary of you and kill you. His eyes are flames that burn; his fingers daggers that pierce. The blood at his heart is red!"

Marie said nothing, but went away to keep tryst with her lover, who waited for her at the fountain, gloomy-browed and stern.

"What is it, my Heart? Would your father rob me of my dream? Would he take from me the light of the Sun?" asked Juan fiercely, as he paced up and down beside the fountain.

"But I love you, Juan," said Marie simply. It seemed sufficient to her that she did. She drew closer to Juan, child-like and loving. Hernandez pushed her roughly away, then as suddenly drew her to him, crying out of his suffering:

"Your father is implacable! He will force you to marry Carlos. God how I hate Carlos! How I love you!"

Marie kissed him gently on the hand and whispered: "Nothing, Querido mio, shall separate us."

"Nothing? You swear it?"

"I swear it."

"Not even death?"

"Not even death."

Juan kissed Marie reverently, for her words had been an oath.

IV.

Marie Roderiquez sat beside the fountain. Carlos sat beside her.

"Come, Marie, consent. Be my wife. I will be kind to you. I will be a good husband to you, for I love you," pleaded Carlos.

"That is true," replied Marie, "but I love Don Hernandez. I will marry no one else."

"You are only infatuated. Your affection will pass when he is gone. Promise that you will at least try to forget him, and I will wait patiently till you learn to love me."

For answer, Marie touched the strings of her guitar. The notes trembled on the air with the burden of her feeling. Teasingly, she swept her fingers along the frets of the instrument, making the notes a message to Juan.

Juan was not far away, and he hurried to the fountain. What he saw was Carlos lift the hand of Marie in his and whisper something in her ear. He did not hear the words, which were: "Let me try to win you, Senorita."

"No! no! I love Juan. If you love me, Carlos, go away. Leave me!"

"Love me," cried Carlos.

"You do not love me else you would go."

"Love you? God! I love you better than my life. I go!" Carlos rose and, as he finished speaking, leaned down and kissed Marie on the brow, then walked away.

Had Juan but heard, as he saw Marie and Carlos, this story of La Roda had never been written, and La Roda would still be sleeping with her pigs and Moors and beggars, ladies and lords, behind the gates, unknown to the outside world. But Juan only saw the parting, and inflamed with jealous rage, he strode to where Marie awaited him, and hissed:

"You kissed him!"

"He kissed me," corrected Marie.

"It is all the same." Juan's eyes burned like living coals of fire. "You are not worth the sacrifice," he said. Snatching the guitar from her trembling fingers, he snapped it in twain, and threw the vibrating thing into the grass, blind to the sickening pain, deaf to the heart-broken cry of the girl, as she fell fainting to the ground.

V.

The sun rose like a brazen image over La Roda.

Mounted upon his horse, Juan Hernandez rode out of the gate of La Roda, silent and dark. "Curses on her false heart," he prayed, as he rode off without so much as a glance at the tower where he had first seen the Donna Marie. A little way from the gate, his horse shied and rose on his haunches. Something gorgeous lay in the dust of the road, something yellow like the jessamine on the hedge, something crimson with the stain of blood that streamed from a woman's breast. It was Marie Roderiquez.

"Marie!"

As Juan leaped from his saddle his foot struck a sharp, glittering bit of steel that lay beside the heap of yellow. "Are you dead, my love, my own, my only love? Are you dead?" He covered the silent lips with passionate kisses, as he wailed, "Are you dead? Are you dead, Chiqueta?"

Warmed by his kisses, Marie presently opened her eyes and said pantingly: "It—was—better—so! The—music—of—my—life—is—mute. And—I—loved—you—I could not live without you."

She seemed near to death, and gathering her to him tenderly, Juan lifted her to the saddle and between sobs and incoherent pleadings of encouragement, he rode back through the gate at La Roda.

"How I love you-" Juan murmured over and over again.

With a faint smile on her lips, Marie whispered: "And I love you."

VI.

For once the sluggish pulse of La Roda beat fast. For once the inhabitants were shocked.

Juan rode directly to Don Roderiquez, and laid the pallid burden at his feet.

"If she returns to life," said her father, "I will give her to you, Juan."

"And it will be the right thing to do," added Carlos, generously.

A few days later Marie opened her eyes on the loving faces around her couch, and smiled happily as Juan kissed her.

A Woman's Love

Stokely S. Fisher

A beauty chaste, a wonderful grace,
Ennobled the sufferer, frail and white;
The gray of dawn was upon her face,—
How cold, with hardly a hint of light!
And she, so small and weak and wan,
Shuddered, not knowing that it was dawn.

Alas! for stricken of love she died,
The guileless beguiled. "O father, haste—
"Absolve me!" Imploring the voice that cried,
And the hand clung, pleading, on his hand placed.
"Daughter, his name? I dare not bless
The parting soul that will not confess."

The pitiful face was a child's face mild,
The whitening lips like an infant's curved;
But the woman's heart in the eyes that smiled
With truth inscrutable, never swerved!
So young, and afraid of the vague, lone way;
"I love him," she whispered, nor more would say!

RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL SAM HOUSTON

By WILLOUGHBY WILLIAMS

THE following reminiscences of General Sam Houston were prepared some years ago by his friend, Willoughby Williams. They show the noted soldier in a more familiar light than it has been possible to view him from hitherto published histories. The tragedy of his domestic life is lightly touched, and no light is cast upon it by the chronicle of even so close a friend as Judge Williams:

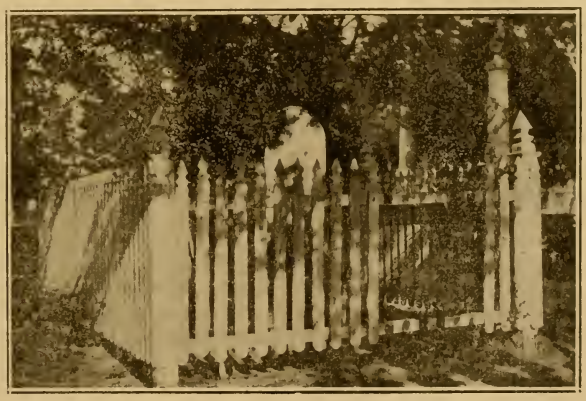
"'NASHVILLE, TENN., April 1, 1878.

"'JUDGE JO. C. GUILD—MY DEAR SIR: In the several conversations we have had on the subject of Gen. Sam. Houston's life, you have expressed a desire to have me relate some of the particular scenes and events in his early sareer still familiar to my mind. I will endeavor then, in a short sketch, to give you what now occurs to me of most interest.

My earliest recollections of Gen. Houston date back to 1811, at Kingston, Roane county, Tenn. He was a clerk at the time in the store of Mr. Sheffy. My mother, in her widowhood, was living about three miles from Kingston. I was thirteen years of age, and Mr. Houston five years my senior. The line of the Cherokee country was about three miles south of Kingston, the Holston river being the boundary. The Indian trade being much valued, his services were highly appreciated from the fact that he spoke with fluency the Cherokee language. He was especially kind to me, and much of my time was spent in his company. He remained in the capacity of clerk until after the declaration of the war of 1812. At that time the United States were recruiting troops at Kingston for the war. Lieut. Wm. Arnold, of the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Regulars, was sent to Kingston on recruiting service. The whole population had caught the war fever, and intense interest prevailed. The manner of enlisting at that day was to parade the streets with drum and fife, with a sergeant in command. Silver dollars were placed on the head of the drum, and, as a token of enlistment, the volunteer stepped up and took a dollar, which was his bounty; he was then forthwith marched to the barracks and uniformed. The late Robert H. McEwen, of this city, cousin to Gen. Houston, and myself were were standing together on the street and saw Houston take his dollar from the drum and enlist as a private in the year 1813. He was taken immediately to the barracks, dressed as a soldier, and appointed the same day as a Sergeant. Soon after this Lieut. Arnold had received thirty-nine soldiers, and was ordered to send them forth to join the troops, marching to the Creek war, under the command of Col. John Williams, of Knoxville, who commanded the regiment of regulars in person at the battle of the Horse Shoe, and afterwards became a distinguished Senator in Congress from Tennessee. Soon after Houston left Kingston, his friends applied to President Madison for his promotion, who commissioned him as Ensign. The commission was promptly sent, and reached him before the battle of the Horse Shoe. At that battle he mounted the Indian defenses with colors in hand, and was wounded by a barbed arrow in the thigh. A soldier, whom he ordered to extract it by main force, made several ineffectual efforts, and only succeeded under a threat by Houston to kill him unless

he pulled it out. He was carried back, suffering intensely from the wound, which had been much lacerated. His indomitable will led him immediately back into the fight, when he was soon wounded by two balls in his right shoulder. The intrepid spirit he displayed on this occasion won for him the lasting regard of Gen. Jackson. Disabled from further service, he was sent back to Kingston with the sick and wounded. Robert H. McEwen and myself met him some distance from Kingston, on a litter supported by two horses. He was greatly emaciated, suffering at the same time from his wounds and the measles. We took him to the house of his relative, 'Squire John McEwen, brother of R. H. McEwen, where he remained for some time, and from thence he went to the home of his mother, in Blount county. After this battle he received the appointment of Lieutenant for his gallantry. After the restoration of peace he was appointed sub-agent of the Cherokee Nation under Return J. Meigs, who was agent, the agency being on the west bank of the Hiwassee, near where the railroad between Knoxville and Chattanooga crosses, the spot where the remains of Governor McMinn and Return J. Meigs lie buried, both having having been agents to the Indian Nation. While in the capacity of sub-agent, a controversy arose between himself and Mr. Calhoun, Secretary of War, which caused his removal about the year 1818. Soon after this he came to Nashville and commenced the study of law with Hon. James Trimble, father of Mr. John Trimble, of this city, and obtained license to practice after six or eight months' study. At the first meeting of the Legislature he was elected Attorney-General of this district over some distinguished lawyers as competitors, and in 1821 was elected Major General of the militia of this division of the State, and in 1823 was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1825. While a member of Congress he preferred some charges against the postmaster here, who, it was understood, would hold him personally responsible on his return home. The matter was made public, and great excitement existed among the friends of both parties, and rumors were afloat that a duel would follow. Col. John T. Smith, a noted duelist, living in Missouri, arrived in the city, and it was understood he would be the bearer of the challenge to Houston. It was believed that Col. McGregor, who was the second of Gen. Houston, would refuse to accept the challenge through the hands of Col. Smith, for reasons which he explained. This caused some excitement amongst the friends of Gen. Houston, as they expected a difficulty to occur between McGregor and Smith because of the refusal to accept the challenge if borne by Smith, he being well known as a desperate man. It was anticipated that the challenge would be delivered at the Nashville Inn, where Gen. Houston was stopping that afternoon, and all were on the lookout for the movements of Smith. He was soon seen, about where now stands the Hicks block, walking in the direction of the Nashville Inn, and the friends of both parties hurried to the Inn, where the meeting was to take place. Major Philip Campbell, a gallant soldier in the Creek war, and a warm, personal friend of Gen. Houston, with ten or fifteen other Houston men, made their appearance at the Inn prepared to take part, as it was expected there would be a fight when McGregor refused to accept the challenge borne by Smith. The challenge was presented by Smith to McGregor in front of the Nashville Inn, with these words: "I have a communication from Col. Irwin to Gen. Houston, which I now hand to you, sir", extending his hand with the challenge. McGregor replied, "I can receive no communication through your hands from Col. Irwin", and the

paper dropped on the pavement before them. Col. Smith returned to his quarters, walking down the Public Square, the same route by which he approached the place of meeting. The crowd rushed into the hall of the Inn, where Gen. Houston was standing, greatly relieved that there was no fight between McGregor and Smith. Gen. Wm. White, a brave and chivalric gentleman, remarked that he did not "think the proper courtesy had been extended to Col. Smith." Houston heard the remark, and said to him, "If you, sir, have any grievances, I will give you any satisfaction you may demand." Gen. White replied, "I have nothing to do with your difficulty, but I presume to know what is due from one gentleman to another." This ended their conversation. The next day it was rumored on the streets that Gen. Houston had "backed down" Gen. White. When it reached the ear of the gallant White through some evil-minded person, he resented the imputation by sending a challenge to Gen. Houston, who readily accepted. Robert C. Foster, a prominent citizen of Davidson county, and preserver of the peace, came to town and heard the rumor. He expected the fight, and immediately had a warrant issued for the arrest of both parties, which was placed in the hands of Joseph W. Horton, the sheriff of this county at that time. Mr. Horton requested me to accompany him next morning to the residence of Gen. White to make the arrest. White was then living four or five miles north of Cumberland river. Declining the request of Mr. Horton, I immediately went to Houston's room and found that he had heard, late in the afternoon, of the warrant for the arrest of both himself and Gen. White. That evening he left the city, and passed by the Hermitage on his way to the home of Jimmy Dry Sanders, in Sumner county. The next day he sent a messenger to learn what had been done with White, and to notify him that he would be in Kentucky on a certain day to offer him any redress he might desire. White met him according to appointment, and they fought a duel at sunrise. White was thought to be mortally wounded, but recovered. On the evening of the fight a large crowd was assembled at the Inn to hear the news of the duel, among them Gen. Jackson. While waiting in great expectation, a personal friend of Gen. Houston, and a noted character, John



GRAVE OF GENERAL SAM HOUSTON

G. Anderson, who had gone up to witness the fight, was seen coming in full speed over the bridge, and soon announced that Houston was safe and White mortally wounded.

After Houston's term in Congress expired, he was elected Governor of Tennessee, successor to Gen. Wm. Carroll. During his Governorship he maried Miss Allen, who was a member of a large and influential family in Sumner and Smith counties. Gen. Carroll, after being out of office two years, was again eligible, and declared himself a candidate in opposition to Houston. The first meeting of Houston and Carroll in the canvass occurred at Cockrill's Spring, in the month of April, at a battalion muster. I was at that time sheriff of the county and colonel of the militia, and, at the request of Houston, drilled the regiment on that day. He desired me to fully acquaint myself with popular sentiment, and communicate it to him after the speaking, which I did, and it afforded him much gratification. He left the muster-ground Saturday afternoon for the city, and I accompanied him as far as the residence of Mr. John Boyd, in sight of the city, and then returned to my home, leaving him in fine spirits. I went into the city on Monday morning early, and while registering my name at the Nashville Inn, the late Daniel F. Carter, who was at the time clerk of the hotel, said to me, "Have you heard the news?" I replied, "No; what news?" He replied, "Gen. Houston and wife have separated, and she has returned to her father's home." I was greatly shocked, having never suspected any cause for separation. Asking where Gen. Houston could be found, Mr. Carter replied he was in his room, but could not be seen. I went immediately to his room and found him in company with Dr. Shelby. He was deeply mortified, and refused to explain this matter. I left him with Dr. Shelby for a few minutes and went to the court-house on business. When I returned I said to him, "You must explain this sad occurrence to us, else you will sacrifice your friends and yourself." He replied, "I can make no explanation. I exonerate this lady fully, and do not justify myself. I am a ruined man; will exile myself, and now ask you to take my resignation to the Secretary of State." I replied, "You must not think of it," when he again said, "It is my fixed determination, and my enemies, when I am gone, will be too magnanimous to censure my friends." Seeing his determination, I took his resignation to the Secretary of State, who received it. The following morning he went in disguise to the steamboat, accompanied by Dr. Shelby and myself. He wrote me afterward he was not recognized until he reached Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas river, where he met a friend, of whom he exacted a promise not to make him known. He went up the river to Fort Smith, thence to the Cherokee Nation to his old friend Jolly, a noted Indian whom he knew when sub-agent. He remained in the Nation some time, and on one occasion passed through Nashville with a delegation of Indians on their way to Washington City, in the full garb of a Cherokee. From the Nation he went to Texas and settled at St. Augustine, commencing there the practice of law with John Dunn, of this county, son of Michael C. Dunn, and there remained until the breaking out of the Texas revolution. He soon raised an army, and was made commander-in-chief of the Texas army, and at the battle of San Jacinto captured Santa Anna, President of Mexico, which closed the war. He sent Santa Anna and Gen. Almonte as his prisoners through Nashville, on their way to Washington City, under charge of Col. George W. Hockley, formerly of Nashville. Gen Houston was then made President of the Republic of

Texas, and, after its annexation, was Senator in Congress from that State; then was made Governor, and at the commencement of the war was opposed to secession and rebellion, was deposed by the Legislature, and soon after died. Some years previous to his death he professed the Christian religion and became a consistent member of the Baptist church.

The incidents I have related to you, my old friend, are just as they present themselves from my own memory, without reference to history, hence there may be some inaccuracy in the dates. Many other incidents occur to my mind, but I will not tax you longer.

Saecula Saeculorum

William Ford Aiken

How long have thine eternities, O God!
Rolled down with suns ablaze and planets reeling,
Till, Time's irrevocable sealing,
Shone forth this little day through which I plod!

Till Earth, mid-hung in boundless space a clod,
Upreared my soul to face Thy dread revealing!
How long have Thine eternities, O, God!
Rolled down, with suns ablaze and planets reeling!

How short the weariest way I ever trod!—
What void of death before this moment's feeling!
This joy of love,—this agony,—this kneeling
To kiss Thy cup of mercy or Thy rod!
How long have Thine eternities, O God!
Rolled down, with suns ablaze and planets reeling!

A NEW "DARK AGE"

By J. A. SCARBORO

EVERY student of history is familiar with the meaning of the term, "The Dark Ages." After Grecian and Roman civilizations had waned, and Romanism had assumed the power without the virtues of those civilizations, and Popery "sat in the temple of God, proclaiming itself as God", and demanding both political and spiritual obedience of human kind, then began "The Dark Ages", in which men were deprived of all the rights common to Truth and Justice.

The old Empires, from Assyria to Rome, were essentially Pagan; their religions were mixed idolatries; after the passing of the Assyrian, there was religious toleration, even in the Roman Empire, where the Cæsars were deified, liberty of worship was allowed until the time of Christianity, when persecution arose over the teachings of Christianity, that Christ was a *King*. But intolerance of dissent reached its climax in the assumptions of Popery, and when the Pappa put on the Tiara it was worth a man's life to dissent from the tenets of Romanism. Under the system inaugurated, the priests were the spies, the Councils the courts, and the military the Executives of the Papal will. Freedom of speech was interdicted. Writing was censored by Popery as it is yet where Rome has the power. The "trials" of heretics were a travesty and a fraud against truth and justice. The accused were condemned without a hearing or plea of defense. The only escape was by recantation and foresworn political and religious obedience to Popery.

From the time that Constantine, surrounded by a cordon of Roman soldiers, controverted ecclesiastical questions in the Council Nicæa, A. D. 325, until the abolition of the English "Star Chamber" by the "Bill of Attainder," 1641, a period of 1,361 years, Popery and its offspring corrupted courts, defeated justice and ruled helpless humanity as with a rod of iron. Conditions were worse, so far as legal trial was concerned, than ever existed in either the Greek or Roman Empires. Roman jurisprudence granted rights of appeal and defense. Even under Nero, this was not denied. The New Testament is witness to this. (See Acts, chapters 23 to 26, where Paul was delivered from Jewish fanaticism by Roman justice! Also II. Tim. 4:16, 17, where Paul writes briefly of his defense at Rome. Nero was then Emperor.) The judicial standard was higher in Pagan Rome than it was in Papal Rome; and so Papal Rome gave the world the "Dark Ages" in which, human rights were trodden under foot and humanity sank down into a long, dark night of ignorance, superstition and suffering under the heel of a power which blasphemously claimed to have been ordained of God!

Through all this long night there were multitudes who stood for truth, right and justice, even to the death; and eternity alone will reveal the unwritten and (to mankind) unknown horrors and pains suffered by those whose rights were denied, their appeals unheard, their evidence strangled, their bodies mangled and their souls outraged by this monstrous blasphemer of God and murderer of Truth and Justice. It is the blackest page of human history. By so much as it had advantages over former ages, in that the cumulative light of the past shone to it, it should have been better; but it reversed the wheels of human progress and ran them backward a thou-

sand years, grinding humanity to powder, in the name of God!

Such, in brief, constituted the "Dark Ages."

The writer is a Baptist. It is down in Baptist books that they are the proud owners of the trophy of soul-liberty, having preached it first, and stood loyally to it when others were yet under the spell of oppression and persecution. From thousands of Baptist pulpits, books and papers you can hear this proud claim attested.

"Alas! How have the mighty fallen!"

During the past fourteen years, it has been a matter of painful, personal knowledge to me, that the Baptist press, with few exceptions, in this country, has systematically and persistently *denied free press;* it has denied the liberty of self-defense even to those whom it publicly attacks, by name, and *AND NOW DENIES THAT LIBERTY.* I will name a few such papers, and if they will deny my statement I will prove it on them by plenty of living witnesses, Baptists, against whose character they can not wag a tongue: *The Christian Index*, Georgia: *The Baptist Standard*, Texas; *The Missionary Worker*, Texas; *The Baptist Advance*, Arkansas; *The South Carolina Baptist*, South Carolina; *The Biblical Recorder*, North Carolina: *The Baptist Record*, Mississippi; *The Alabama Baptist*, Alabama. And there are others.

These papers are dominated by the Southern Baptist Convention, which has imitated the ecclesiastical despotism of Romanism until it has made thousands of Baptists blush for very shame. The story of the despotic acts of its boards, its tyranny over the press and the pastors and churches, its oppression, and even persecution, of dissenting missionaries and ministers, is too long to relate here. It is the blackest, saddest page in Baptist history since 1641, when Baptists, with others, secured religious liberty under Magna Charta.

When Mr. Watson made his expose of present methods, was attacked and misrepresented by the *Christian Index* and denied the right of reply and self-defense before the Baptists of Georgia, as well as by the *Christian Advocate*, I was not surprised. I had a similar experience in Georgia in 1897, as did a number of missionaries who had gone to China. The simple truth is, this suppression of free press and speech has been practiced by the Baptist would-be masters for the past seventeen years, and is today as heartless, unjust and cruel, so far as it can go, as were the acts of Popery during the "Dark Ages", and it constitutes a new Dark Age, instituted by men calling themselves Baptists, for the suppression and overthrow of both truth and Baptist principles. I am weighing every word, and know of what I am writing.

It is even worse than Pagan Rome in Nero's time: Paul was permitted to defend himself, even before Nero, but these modern Baptist emperors refuse to allow those whom they accuse and slander, to answer before the same court and jury! They will not do this even for advertising rates. I know, for I have tried them.

It ought to be plainly apparent to every honest, candid, reflective mind, that those who do such things are not friends of truth, right or justice; they are moral assassins of their fellows. I have just as much respect for the man who would creep up to a man's window in the dark, and shoot his brains out, as I have for men who will assassinate a man's good name and leave him to welter under that assault a whole lifetime and deny him the right of defending that good name! Such men are moral thieves, murderers, assassins. And when they "steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in" and do these things under the role of min-

isters of the religion of Jesus Christ, prefacing the ghoulish deed with long prayers, then we have a repetition of Roman hypocrisy which burned men to death with hot lead in their ears, while lecherous priests of Rome stood over them and recited prayers to the God Whose truth they blasphemed and Whose Holy Spirit they slandered.

It was a happy day in Rome when Constantine condemned the Donatists and they were robbed and exiled. It was a happy day in the Vatican when by Romish intrigue the Huguenots were massacred in Paris on St. (?) Bartholomew's Day. But it was a sad day for Rome when Genseric, followed by his Vandals, hit Rome like a thunderbolt shot from angry heaven! It was a sad day in France when red-handed Revolution hurled oppressed humanity at bloody-handed Oppression.

These oppressors of free speech and press—these robbers of God and men, in our own land, have had a very happy time these past seventeen years. Their assumed powers have inflated them until they have learned to despise those they belie and oppress. If they ever knew history or humanity, or studied the laws of Divine Providence, they seem to have become too proud to lay the lesson to heart. They have turned deaf ears to appeals for truth. They refuse to hear the tread of the oncoming forces which will level their walls of secrecy. They stop their ears to the muffled thunders of a coming revolution which, as in the past, is destined to sweep their assumed power into oblivion and write their names in human history as traitors to the truth and assassins of justice.

Men should never forget that they make history while they live. These men should remember Solomon said, and it is in the Bible: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

The history of humanity is a history of conflict with despotism. And thank God humanity has survived every conflict, as it will do yet again; and though wrong may for long seem to have irresistible power, God reigns and when He lets slip His thunderbolts of Providence, He makes oppression to bite the dust, and humanity escapes to serve Him and accomplish His purposes.

I thank God for the muttering thunders of a coming tempest of Truth! I praise Him for the gleaming lightnings flashing into the dark places where fraud and falsehood hide themselves! And in the sublime, figurative language of Isaiah, I am looking for a time when "Judgment also will I lay to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail (hard truth) shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters (truth) shall overflow the hiding place (under falsehood). And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreements with Hell shall not stand; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, then shall ye be trodden down by it." Isa. 28:17, 18.

Have you who read *The Jeffersonians* noticed one thing: As I read the letters from the *people*, published in Watson's papers, I see many of them end with "*God bless you!*" Did you know there are thousands of as good people as there are in the world praying, yes *PRAYING*, for Thos. E. Watson? Have you thought? That means something, as sure as you live. Under God, the oppressed people of this Southland, are looking to Mr. Watson for instruction, for guidance in their oppression and trials. He has proven himself the friend of *TRUTH* and *HUMANITY*. They *LOVE* him. And what if it should be that God has raised him up for a time like this? God has done so in the past. He heard the cry of the oppressed in Egypt and sent deliverance. These simple, heart letters are from the people of the old-time

faith in God and the Bible, the plain people who have never given up the simple trust in God; and the history of humanity shows that God hears *them* when they pray to Him, and they are praying for Tom Watson! And that means more than human philosophy can solve or human wisdom circumvent. Pray on, ye downtrodden and despised poor! Write on, speak on thou man on whose mind and heart God has placed a burden for the deliverance of the land-robbed, spoiled and oppressed! Some day humanity will climb up out of the valley of conflict, and look back with clearer vision; some day, when the light of time shall have dispelled the clouds that today hang low over the valley of effort and struggle,—some day, when your tongue is silent and your hand still, humanity will learn to know its real friends, and the hands of children yet unborn to those whose cause you espouse, will weave a garland of glory for the brow now furrowed with anxious thought, strew a little mound with flowers of loving remembrance, redeem a name despised by oppression's leaders, and heaven will be sweeter for the crown delivered thee by the hand of Him who was crowned with thorns that He might crown humanity with glory.

Ideals

J. T. Hudson

Have you ever heard faint echoes
Of a song you ne'er could sing—
Softer than the wooing zeyhyrs
In the first glad dawn of Spring?
Sweeter—milder, yet more thrilling
Than the lays the birds are trilling?
Songs no earthly words can fit?
Are they phantasies that flit
Thro' the Soul when idly dreaming?
Are they real or only seeming?

Have not oft emotions thrilled you—
Thoughts too vast for human phrase—
Thoughts that staggered and bewildered—
Were they, too, a formless haze?
Thoughts too bold— beyond the reach
Of the scope of human speech!
Thoughts that blazed and burned and flashed,
Which to portray your shrank, abashed.
Were they creations of the Mind—
Idle vagaries, unconfined?

Have you sometime caught a vision
Of a half-remembered scene,
Glimpses faint that pierced the darkness
Of the veils that intervene?
Was 't a mirage, vain, illusive
Or realism, truth conclusive?
Has an idle dream the gift
To exalt or to uplift?
Has it, then, the power, ever
To incite to high Endeavor?

Yes! They're true—these songs and visions;
And these idle thoughts are real;
They are but the Soul's vain struggles
To attain its high Ideal!
For the Song that comes unbidden
Echoed for us once in Eden!
And the vision but a shadow
Of a long-lost Eldorado!
In thoughts we break our prison bars
And prove our kinship to the Stars!

THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

By ALICE LOUISE LYTLE

AUTOS—AND OTHERS.

THE people in large cities are now divided into two classes; those who ride in automobiles and those who high-step to keep from being run over by them.

In every place where two or three autos are gathered, will also be found an ambulance ready for emergency calls—and it's busy time is always.

Old men, ladies past their first youth, maidens and youths have severally developed new figures and side-steps which would fill the highest paid ballet dancer with envy, could she see them collectively.

Incidentally, you will note that the thoroughfare most affected by autoists is also conspicuous for its drug stores and undertakers' shops.

And the autoist has developed a haughty stare which refuses to take in any part of the landscape nearer than the next block; he toots a horn whose sound resembles a cross between the howl of a soul in torment and a dying goose.

And we call ourselves civilized, when we permit a machine capable of developing seventy-horse power in locomotion, to tear through our city streets and over our country roads, trusting in the agility of the pedestrians (and the live stock) to get out of the way.

The automobile is the favorite toast of the undertakers' banquet, and right well does it live up to its reputation of "The undertaker's best friend, next to a young doctor."

Americans are an agile lot, but it's quite possible there will be an association in the Hereafter whose members will speak feelingly of "Automobiles I have met."

In the meanwhile, the membership is being added to, and the waiting list will soon be crowded.

Men, Women and Bargains.

Benjamin Franklin was a foxy advertiser.

He knew how to dress facts in attractive words and make folks sit up and take note of what he said—incidentally, he sold all his books, papers and almanacs wherein these things were recorded.

The successful shopkeeper of today realizes the value of dressing his wares with alluring qualities, and these he sets forth in beautifully worded advertisements.

Some advertisements are epics—others are so worded as to read like prose poems, and all have usually enough merit in them to capture the buyer, the wary and the unwary.

To this end, we read in the early spring months, when woman's thoughts turn gaily to light-weight clothes, straw hats and base ball, of wondrous "bargains" to be had in "winter weights."

And the woman who has longed all winter for a fur coat, reads of "the great reduction" whereby she may secure one—but just when she needs all her spare coin for a summer wardrobe.

But the bargain hunters are a mighty army, and they go forth gaily after reading the Sunday papers, and they buy winter clothes, heavy rugs, ditto draperies, and also invest in moth balls, tar paper and other moth killers to preserve their bargains for future use.

This phase of humanity has long been profitable to the shopkeeper.

He realizes the futility of tying up money in goods of last season; the lone chance of having those goods popular or adaptable for next season is too long a shot for him to take—hence the job

of the ad. writer, whose business it is to make people buy things they don't want at prices for which they could buy other things they need.

But the feeling of content to the woman who buys a beautiful fur coat at $49.99 (in April) marked down from $50.50 (in January) when a cold day or two makes it possible for her to wear the coat before consigning it to the tarry embrace of the moth-proof bag, is only equalled by the man who has invested in a winter suit which will be a button or a coat-tail too long next winter.

The something-for-nothing streak in human nature seems universal.

Coupons, trading stamps and prizes have separated more honest cash from needy people, for shoddy goods, than anything on record.

But the woman who buys short-weight goods and collects little tickets, to be redeemed for a green plush album or a chair no one can sit in, is about even with the man who smokes poor tobacco in order to secure some dinky little coupons also.

And the wily merchant continues to advertise, to sell out of season goods at good profiit, while the bargain hunting hordes swallow the bait and look for more.

A Husband's Devotion—A True Story.

There's at least one man on earth who is willing to show his devotion to his wife in public.

He isn't a very imposing looking person, but he's round and rosy looking, has a well fed, well groomed air, which greatly aided him in carrying off with dignity a position which might have been most difficult for another man less happily situated.

And here's the story; everybody knows of the decree in style which has made it imperative for every woman who wants to be in fashion to carry all the hair she can pin on her head.

The large dry goods shops in all the cities have departments which resemble the famous Blue Room of Blue Beard's castle; there are bunches, braids, puffs, coronets, and all the etcetery's of a hair dressing establishment, all in plain view, and all in various stages of make-up.

To one of these establishments came the little man before mentioned and his wife, intent on buying some of the hair. To the little man's credit, be it here stated, he was as much interested and determined as the lady, and he seemed quite willing to pay for any amount.

And his name was Wilber. (The lady called him Wilber Dear, but we'll let that pass.)

An interested young saleswoman had offered suggestions until she was bankrupt, but the lady seemed undecided.

A peculiar feature was: Wilbur Dear's hair and that of the lady (so much as could be seen from under the big hat she wore) were of exactly the same shade.

Every one within sight of the "hair goods department" was interested by this time, and no one was amazed when Wilber Dear sat down and the lady began "matching" the various hair creations against Wilber Dear's generous crop. And when an exact shade was found in a large, imposing braided switch, it was hard to tell who was most elated—the saleswoman, the wife or Wilber Dear.

This actually happened in a big dry goods store, in broad daylight, during business hours, and it speaks volumes for the good fellowship of this old world that no one who witnessed it thought to ridicule.

Also, it's a nice thought to foster that in spite of all the sordid tragedies of the divorce court, in spite of the pessimistic view so many take of things in general, there is a good, healthy, working percentage of men and women who are just as devoted as Wilber Dear and his little wife.

And may their tribe increase.

The Mule and the Spring "Greens"

It was one of those balmy, early spring days, just before Easter, when Nature was doing her best to revive hope in the heart of man.

All the shops were gay with Easter foliage; peddlers, with early vegetables, potted plants, and other spring wares, were on the sidewalks.

Every one looked bright and hopeful. A dejected mule, whose flea-bitten coat bespoke many winters and summers, toiled wearily up the street.

His driver brought him to a stop near one of the vegetable stands. There were big bunches of celery, lettuce, tempting looking radishes, "greens" and other eatables of like variety.

The mule appeared too tired to even note the tempting display; then he edged a little closer to where a big head of lettuce was about to fall off the edge of the stand.

He ate that, and liked the flavor. A bunch of radishes was nearest, and just as he had gained a good mouth hold the Greek proprietor of the stand rushed to save his property.

A whack over the mule's nose was evidently a form of caress to him, for he placidly continued to eat the little red vegetables; and then his driver came out. A wordy duel in Americo-Greek-Africanese followed, but the mule felt no interest in this part of the episode.

The driver climbed up on the seat, gathered up the lines, and with a parting sentence at Dagoes in general and the keeper of the vegetable stand in particular, went on his way.

Those who witnessed the incident seemed all to sympathize with the mule.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (MARK TWAIN)

THE death of "Mark Twain" removes the most unique, and the most popular figure in American literary circles.

Aside from his great talent, "Mark Twain" was popular because of his absolute lovableness. Successful, he was always ready to lend the hand of help to others of his craft, and his beneficence will never be known.

The human interest of his stories did not depend on deep scientific truths, but they presented types of every-day people in so familiar and delightful an aspect as to make "home folks" of them.

"Tom Sawyer," "Huckleberry Finn," what boy having read them has not straightway determined to emulate some of their delightful experiences? The personality of Mr. Clemens was such as to bring close to him all with whom he came in contact.

As a philosopher, he met life's tragedies with a courage and a dignity that endeared him more to those who knew him.

Before entering the field of letters, Mr. Clemens had absorbed the experiences from which he drew such rich results. As a pilot on a Mississippi River steamboat; afterward as a newspaper printer, reporter and editor, he gathered the material which afterward evolved in sketch and story and which was always "so true to life".

Of his business ability, he was like all men of letters—almost unconscious in his earlier days of the tremendous value of the work he was turning out, and an easy prey to unscrupulous business management.

His lecture tour around the world for the purpose of paying off, in full, the liabilities of the firm of Webster and Company, publishers, which he founded, indicates the higher sense of honor he possessed.

Perhaps the most fitting tribute paid him while he lived to enjoy it, was that of his friend William Deane Howells:

"Mark Twain's humor," said he, "will live forever. He portrays and interprets real types, not only with exquisite appreciation and sympathy, but with a force and truth of drawing that makes them permanent. He had the true humorist's tender heart and deep seriousness. Like Bret Harte, with whom he worked, like the great West that bred him, his most audacious sallies were terse and sternly grave. As a moralist, love of humanity, hatred of sham, and the sense of duty informed his most ironic and debonair preachments."

With Bret Harte and Mark Twain dead, the school of literature and humor which they founded ceases to exist.

A SKETCH OF WM. H. CRAWFORD

By JUDGE SAMUEL H. HARDEMAN

WM. H. CRAWFORD was born February 24, 1772, in Amherst county, Virginia; a part of Virginia unsurpassed for good water, pure atmosphere, and the healthfulness and manliness of its inhabitants. Spencer, of that county, was reputed to be the largest man in the world. The nine Martins were as remarkable for height as Spencer was for weight. The Crawfords were both stout and tall. Wm. H., was six feet three inches, his brothers, Charles and Joel, about the same, and Bennet, Robert and David but little lower. The elevated, rough, productive mountains of his nativity seemed to have impressed their characteristics upon his constitution. His family was Scotch, and claimed kindred with the Lairds of that name. He was a lad at the close of the Revolutionary War, and grew up with the hardy habits of those scuffling times. He carried with him to his highest station a little of the rudeness of his mountain raising. Soon after peace his father moved to Columbia county, Ga. Wm. H. labored with his brothers on the farm until Dr. Moses Waddell commenced his school in the neighborhood. He attended it, and soon learned to appreciate his extraordinary capacity. He had arrived at manhood before his education extended beyond the rudiments of learning. His quick apprehension and retentive memory enabled him to master the Latin and yreek languages in the shortest possible time, and to comprehend and enjoy with peculiar zest the beauties of the best ancient authors. He never lost his relish for Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Xenophen and Homer. He continued to attend the examinations of academies and colleges to enjoy the pleasure of renewed acquaintance with these old favorites. And yet he was above the vanity of display and entirely free from pedantry. His father lost his property before Wm. H. derived any advantage from it. He knew when he commenced life that his success would be unaided by fortune, and made his exertions correspond with his necessities. As soon as he was qualified he accepted the position of assistant to Charles, afterward Judge, Tait, then principal of the Augusta Academy, a connection that led to some of the most important evnts of his career. While engaged in teaching he became engaged to marry Miss Gardine. The marriage was not consummated until a competency was provided for housekeeping, which was so long that one less honorable and steadfast than Mr. Crawford might have forgotten obligations unattended, as it ere, by the inducements of wealth and rank. Mrs. Crawford was an excellent wife. She still lives (1854) to keep fresh in the memory of her children the admirable qualities of their fond and indulgent father.

(When I was a boy in Athens, where she lived, I frequently saw the old lady.—S. H. H.)

In 1799 Crawford was appointed, with Marbury, to digest the laws of Georgia. He settled then in Lexington, Ga. While he was compiling the laws, being then unmarried, he passed most of his time at Wm. Barnett's, his kinsman, on Broad river, in Elbert county, immediately opposite my father's (Geo. R. Gilmer's) residence. His plain dress, frank manners and decided, straightforward way of speaking and acting rendered him very acceptable to all the Broad river people. My father (Gilmer) specially admired and confided in him. He obtained his

promise that as soon as I was old enough he would make a lawyer of me. When I was about to commence preparation for my profession, he acknowledged the obligation, but advised me to enter Mr. Upson's office, on account of his long absence from home in Congress.

(Geo. R. Gilmer was born in 1790. He entered Upson's office about 1810.—S. H. H.)

When Mr. Crawford commenced the life of a lawyer, many of his profession were engaged in the land speculations which at the time disgraced the State. An effort was made to induce him to act in unison with them. His refusal brought upon him the united opposition of the unprincipled clique. Van Allen, an impudent fellow from New York, and first cousin to Martin Van Buren, was chosen to play the bully. He challenged Crawford, and was killed. General Clarke thought his efforts might be attended with better success, and he challenged Crawford, and he accepted. On the day of the meeting Clark and his seconds harrassed him with quibbles and controversies until he lost his temper and was off his guard. When he took his position his disengaged arm hung outside of his body and Clark's ball struck his wrist. Clark's hatred was increased instead of being appeased by his accidental success. He renewed his challenge without any renewed offense, and continued, as long as he lived in Georgia, to obstruct by all means in his power the way of Crawford's political advancement. Mr. Crawford was for several successive years a member of the Legislature from Oglethorpe county. His vigorous methods and active industry entitled him to the first place among the members, a position he was not slow in assuming. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1807, and was soon one of the great men of that body. He had the confidence of Jefferson, and was one of Madison's most influential advisers. He showed his fearlessness in the discharge of public duty by attacking Madison's Delphic-like recommendations, when decisive measures were required by the state of the country. He was rewarded for his independence by being sent minister to France. (My father told me that this speech and his attack, etc., caused his appointment, the President wishing to get rid of such a terrible fellow.—S. H. H.) His tall, commanding person figured conspicuously among the diminutive Frenchmen, whilst his noble features and gallant temper rendered him a great favorite in Parisian society.

(At a tableau in Athens, when I was a boy, I saw the court suit of clothes of Crawford, which his widow had preserved. Knee breeches, bright colored cut-away coat, etc.—S. H. H.)

When he returned home, polished by intimate association with the highest class of the politest nation, his apparance and manners made him the most imposing gentleman who had ever been seen in Georgia. He indeed surpassed in personal appearance Mr. Clay, Loundes, Calhoun and General Jackson, his rivals for the Presidency, though either one of them would have attracted attention among a million.

(My father has told me that Crawford was the most striking looking and the most imposing looking man he ever saw. He said he would have arrested the attention of the crowd in the streets of the largest cities of the world. Pardon my frequent interpolations.—S. H. H.)

I was a member of Congress when Crawford was Secretary of the Treasury, and had frequent opportunities of observing his singular capacity for business; his contempt for pretences; his excellent memory, and the sagacity which enabled him to bring into the service of his department the best assistants that could be had for the performance of what had to be done. Ras-

cals had no countenance with him. He employed none knowingly, and when he was deceived he told them so and dismissed them.

(Don't you wish we had him now?—S. H. H.)

The improper use of lobelia for an attack of eresipelas, given by an unskillful physician while he was temporarily absent from Washington city, brought on paralysis from which he never entirely recovered.

The electioneering for the Presidency was then going on very actively. He was never sensible of the injurious effects of the disease upon his mind, and refused to withdraw from the canvass.

The ambitious men of his party had committed themselves to his support, and opposition to his rivals, before his enfeebled condition was known, so that their hopes of distinction through the favor of the President rested upon him. There was no getting at the true state of his case during the pendency of the election. His chance of success was considered best of all the candidates until the votes were counted. Complaining long afterwards to Mr. Crawford's most intimate friend, who was one of the ablest and most honorable citizens of our country, of his concealment of Crawford's condition from the country, he replied that such was his confidence in the integrity of Mr. Crawford and his thorough knowledge of men and measures, that he believed he would, though paralyzed, have made a better President than either of his rivals.

Mr. Crawford left office, in 1825, poorer than when he went as minster to France. He had no love of money for its own sake. When his children grew up, married and stood in need of more property than he could give them, he would sometimes express regret that he had not followed his profession and acquired wealth, as Mr. Upson and Thos. W. Cobb, who succeeded to his practice had done. Was appointed Judge of the northern circut court by Governor Troup in 1827 to fill vacancy caused by Dooley's death, and was elected by the Legislature in 1828. He made a better judge than seemed possible to those who were familiar with his paralyzed state. His clear and conscientious sense of right, and extraordinary recollection of what he had known in early life kept him in the straight course.

He was violently opposed to nullification, considering it an ebulition excited by Mr. Calhoun's over-leaping ambition.

Every one drank whiskey when Crawford was growing up. His mind and body were but little affected by this habit until he was paralyzed. He continued to use the accustomed quantity, often lost his self-control, and would talk of the rascality of the men of former days in mixed companies, to the annoyance of some and amusement of others.

He retained his social temper and admirable conversational talents to the end of his life. He loved to tell anecdotes, and told them well. He saw the point and made others feel it. He was a capital laugher and cared not a fig, when at his greatest elevation, for artificial dignity.

He was as affectionate to his children as a father could be, loving them heartily, and teaching them to treat him familiarly and confidingly. To his children, friends and neighbors he was what they liked best and admired most. With but limited knowledge and unpolished manners, he was found upon trial equal to any demands that his country could make upon him. He retained through life his love for his Broad river friends, and he died among them, at the home of Valentine Merriwether, of heart disease while on his way to Elbert court.

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Marquinius Tilson, President, had just closed the biggest commence*ment*—with the accent on the *ment*—in all history. It was just previous to the second election on the school proposition in Pee Dee two years after the first, and the biggest commence*ment*, not only in the history of the H. C. M. I., but the biggest in the history of the world, was a part of the campaign against the visionary scheme of the "visionary youth." It was not announced as a part of the campaign. Not at all. It had nothing whatever to do with it. It was just in the order of things, one of the natural, quite spontaneous manifestations of the wonderful growth of a wonderful institution under a wonderful man.

It took place, I say, did this greatest commence*ment* in the history of the world; and for weeks and weeks, aye, and for months and months, it had been the talk, and would continue to be the talk, of that whole section of the country, if not throughout the whole world. It was no ordinary occasion; it was a great occasion. In addition to the grand ceremonies and ceremonials, baccalaureate sermons, annual addresses, graduating orations, salutatorians, valedictorians, presentations of diplomas, conferring of degrees, delivering of medals, songs, drills, charades, the performance of declamations, and so on, a prominent feature of the occasion was a grand reunion of the Alumni and Alumnæ of the institution. These assembled, fired with loyalty and enthusiasm for their alma mater, beaming with pleasant memories and streaming with bright ribbons. They had a parade, they sang old songs, made speeches to one another, made love to one another. They had a banquet where they toasted and boasted, wined and dined and reuned after the manner glorious and stentorious. The Reverend Doctor Samuelson Westmoreland Hubbard, D. D., was the toastmaster. The Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute had just conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. Dr. Brown sat on his right, Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL. D., quite felicitous, thank you. "In words of burning eloquence,"—that is the way it read in the newspaper account by "One of Those Present"—every speaker, some dozen or more, paid tributes to "the everlasting glory of our Alma Mater." The Alumni and Alumnæ formed an association, a perpetual association with constitutions and by-laws and committees and badges, aye and withal a yell,

"Yi! Yi! Yi!
Come up high!
Alumni, Alumnæ,
H. C. M. I!"

and there were all the other accessories, paraphernalia, honorariums, functions and functionaries which such associations have. And a committee was appointed, of six Alumni, to purchase a satin flag, and another committee of six Alumnæ to embroider on it the letters H. C. M. I. in a monogram of gold, the flag—"said flag" the resolution read—to be delivered to "Our Alma Mater" at the next annual reunion of the association. An appropriation for the purposes of these committees was duly voted. Another resolution was passed carrying another appropriation, the sum of ten dollars "from funds now in the treasury of this association or from funds hereinafter to be in the treasury of this association," for the purpose of purchasing a present to bear a suitable inscription under the words "To Our Honored President, Colonel Jefferson Marquinius Tilson." Mark it, they were correct: Our Honored President is no longer "Professor," he is "Colonel" Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, having been duly appointed to that rank by an order issued from the very headquarters of the H. C. M. I. The world moves on, you know: it does not stay in one place. The Alumni and Alumnæ Association appointed a committee to make a suitable selection of a present. Meeting in due form and ceremony, this committee selected a sword, and when their selection was reported to the association in convention assembled, sitting and waiting, through the Chairman of the Committee, Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL.D., the announcement was greeted with deafening applause for the appropriateness of it. A rising vote of thanks was given the committee for its happy selection; and it was unanimously and enthusiastically resolved, carried, and so ordered that the presentation speech should be made by that distinguished Alumnus, Dr. Bucephalus Brown, LL.D., which gentleman, in recognition of the honor, arose and said it was "quite felicitous."

All these were but features of the great occasion, minor, incidental features. The commence*ment* itself was beyond, far beyond all possible description, all possible praise. Under the shadow of this, within the echo of it, within reach of it by newspaper write-ups, circulars, commemoration pamphlets, catalogues, and announcements, who will make himself so ridiculous as to mention such an insignificant, palty, puny thing as a county high school!

These things had been, I say. Now they were all over, save the echo, which would last forever; and those who had come from a distance were going home. A number were about to leave on the afternoon train; in the cool of that late afternoon; it was in June, when, if ever, come hot days. Jim Thompson arrived in town from a dusty journey, put up his horse at the livery stable and walked down to the railroad station. He did not know of this

crowd till he saw it, though he might have expected it, for, of course, he had heard of the greatest commencement in the history of the world. He was there, however, on quite another mission, to meet some one coming in on the train. It was Amanda Cannon, who had just finished her course at the State Normal and Industrial School, and was coming home now for good.

Shall we pause just a moment to take a peep into the journal of those two years? We find many things; that is, many thoughts, many reflections on "Men, Things, and Women," as he put it; though, generally speaking, what he wrote was in a serious vein. His view of life is enlarged, his interest in it deepened. He has had many experiences, minor ones, but they have enriched his life, and he has learned many things. He has read much and reflected. The journal says: "It is better to be alone than in good company. I have wasted so much precious time in my day in good company. Forced now to be alone a great deal of my time, for the first time in my life I am having an opportunity to read and to think." As to his work: "Here I am playing still in the role of 'tramp teacher,' peddling my wares to people who do not want them. It is a pretty good article I am dealing in, I believe; but, as in every other line, the market is flooded with inferior and highly adulterated goods. In no line, perhaps, is there more adulteration, and adulteration of a more poisonous character, than in mine. Here is Tilson, for instance, offering an article not only vastly inferior but dangerous. It is cheaper, not costing less money, but less brain power, less will power, sacrifice, time. And, in proportion as this adulterated article is dangerous, it is made attractive. Taste for the spurious is easier developed than taste for the good. Oleomargarine and cotton seed oil butter artificially colored beyond the possibility of the finest and richest Jersey cow is thought better than real butter not so highly colored. Paste diamonds are more attractive to some people than real diamonds because they are larger. Stamped calico, made gayer than woven figures, sells easier, even at the same price."

Jim does not look a day older, however he feels. His step is sprightly; his dress is faultlessly neat and perfectly fitted to his manly, symmetrical form; he holds his head high; and his gray eyes still glisten and gleam; rich red blood courses vigorously through his veins.

He had been to Hollisville only a few times since he had quit the school nearly three years before. He never went there without experiencing a certain sadness he tried in vain to disguise, and this now could be seen in his face. Because of his vigorous campaign for the school reform measure, in which he had felt forced to aim some direct blows at the Hollisville school, he felt that he had made enemies in the town and among the "Alumni and Alumnæ." He sought, therefore, to avoid this crowd gathered at the station. But he soon saw it was impossible. Several of the old pupils recognized him. Some quickly turned their heads and began talking in low voices to their companions. Others spoke to him distinctly without coming near. As he stopped before the door of the waiting room, two girls and a boy of whom he had been particularly fond, came up to him and greeted him with great warmth and cordiality. He appreciated this and began asking them about themselves, and chatting with them in the most friendly manner. Then others, including those who had bowed coldly and those who had looked the other way, began gradually to close in upon him, till after a while he found himself holding a kind of reception. He told them whom he had come to meet, and several who remembered Amanda were greatly interested. They recalled several things in connection with her and the days when he and they were there together.

"Oh, Professor Thompson," said one of the girls, "have you heard of the wedding that is to take place at the opening of school next fall?"

When one of the girls asked him this he felt a certain sinking at the heart, away below the surface, so deep, so far away, he was scarcely conscious of it; but it was there. He feared to ask.

"Oh, yes," said another. "It was told at the Alumni and Alumnæ banquet the other night, and it has been the talk of the whole commencement ever since."

An inevitable something compelled him to ask, while his heart seemed to stop beating:

"Who is it? I haven't heard a word of it."

"Professor Tilson and Miss Aileen," several said in chorus.

"Professor Thompson, it's about time you are getting married, ain't it?"

A big good-natured boy had stuck his mischievous face over the shoulder of another boy and made this impertinent remark. A tender-hearted, sympathetic girl of nineteen frowned at the boy. Several others, turning away their heads so Jim could not see them, quietly laughed.

Jim tried to keep a calm exterior, but he felt he was failing, for the blood in his face came and went. As soon as he noticed some of the group breaking away, he excused himself and stepped inside the waiting room, asked the ticket agent some trifling question, then slipped out of the rear door and started up the railroad track.

Not since the day at Waxton when he heard Matt Cook say that she was engaged to Tilson had he seen Aileen Hall; not since that day had he heard any mention of this engagement. Many experiences, many thousands of thoughts had come into his mind since the day he bundled up her letters and put them with the ring which said "Little Girl, I love you" into the bottom of his trunk. Not once had he opened that box labeled "Old Love Letters." He had not tried to make himself believe he had forgotten her. That his love for her was dead was all he had forced upon his mind, and he thought he had made that stick. But now he walked and reflected and raged till time for the train, when he returned to the station. The train was thirty minutes late. As he

started out again, he stopped suddenly in the doorway. Aileen and Tilson stood just outside. Their backs were turned so they did not see him. Tilson suddenly left her, returning to the house. She turned and faced Jim. The color came quickly to both of their faces as in one instant their eyes met. In the next they were dropped. She smiled, very faintly, very sadly. Immediately he advanced and took her hand. Just then a dozen or more boys and girls came crowding around; the next moment she was completely surrounded, all the boys and girls chattering at once about a dozen different things, and some of them about nothing at all. Jim slipped away and resumed his walk and his reverie; but the rage had gone.

Neither of them had uttered a word to the other.

Aileen had grown older, oh, ever so much older. The sparkling light from her blue eyes seemed dimmed, though softened, he thought. Her hair, though golden still, had not the same silken sheen. Her cheeks, though flushed when he saw them, were hollow. She was thin and wan. And there was no trace of the proud look.

Amanda was the only passenger to get off at Hollisville. Jim, having returned just as the train rolled up, stood at the foot of the car steps. "That ain't her," one of the girls said.

"What! That the Dark Corner girl who was here! Oh, no!" exclaimed another. Jim himself could hardly believe it; he had not seen her since she first left for the Normal and Industrial School. All the sallow look had gone; there was no blank stare as of old. Her cheeks were full and rosy, her big blue eyes had a sparkle in them; her silken brown hair was dressed in rich wavy folds, a neat and becoming hat set above it. She had on a simple dress, but fitted and draped about her graceful and symmetrical form with the dressmaker's admirable art. She rested her hands upon Jim's shoulders as he lifted her down to the ground. Then the crowd involuntarily parted to let her pass.

Aileen was standing in the crowd ready to take the train. Tilson held her arm. Amanda and she met face to face. Jim recalled the last time the two sisters had met on this same spot. They still were unknown to each other, but if they could have seen the striking resemblance as Jim saw it, he thought they might have guessed it. Though some things seemed to be reversed. Amanda's face now was the one that had the bloom and the beauty. Aileen's was pale and wan and lifeless.

Aileen held out her hand. Amanda grasped it, hesitated, then leaned over and kissed Aileen, whose face flushed a deep scarlet; but Jim thought he saw there also a certain expression of great pleasure at Amanda's act. Both he and Aileen remembered a conversation they once had on the train. But it all was so quick. Aileen was in the rush. The next moment Tilson had lifted her to the platform and the train was moving away.

That night Jim strolled about the town summoning recollections of things past. "Students' Manse" was just as it was when he left it. The three-story building with the colonade, the fountain, the grass plots, the cannon and the flag pole in front, were still to be seen in the catalogues, and were numbered in the minds of students and visitors among the things that were going to be. The combination house, the short store room pushed up against the big barn-like structure, was still there without any change. He walked along the street on the opposite side. Neither Aileen nor Tilson was there, and he might have gone in, but he did not care to. A group of pupils were seated on the piazza talking and singing. He heard the sound of an auto-harp. Professor Walter was playing on one of his four instruments. As he walked on he heard the low melodious hum of a familiar voice, as a sauntering figure approached.

"Simon, you black rascal you!"

"Law de mussy, ef'n hit ain't Mister Jim."

Jim took Simon's rusty hand, and shook it warmly. Then he sat down on the edge of the side-walk, and leaned up against a tree.

"Simon," he began in a slow and solemn drawl, "have you ever been addicted to the habit of delving into ancient history?"

"Now dey you goes! he! he! he! hit's de same Mister Jim sho nuff! he! he! he!"

Jim made him sit down, though, which Simon was glad enough to do; and for more than an hour the two old friends delved into ancient histry.

After Jim had made him tell all about himself, about his marriage and a boy he had named "Mister Jim," Simon told about "de school, de perfesser, en all de doin's at de commence*ment*." After a long pause in the conversation, Simon looked at Jim, with a sorrowful expression.

"Is you see Miss 'Leen, Mister Jim?"

"Yes," said Jim, "I saw her at the train."

"She ain lookin' well," said Simon. And then, after a pause, as Jim did not answer, he added, "Hit's ben de same way wid er ever sence she come back hyuh atter you en Miss Anderson done gone. Naws'r, she ain lookin well tall."

And Simon kept shaking his head sorrowfully.

"What's the matter with her, Simon?" asked Jim.

"I dunno whut is de madder wid her. I specks, dough, she's er havin some trouble, suh."

"They say she and the Professor are going to be married very soon," said Jim, leaning back in the shadow of the tree.

"Who tells you dat, Mister Jim?"

"Some of the boys and girls at the train."

"Wal," said Simon, looking down at the ground reflectively, "I's er hearin dat too; but I dunno, Mister Jim. Lemme tell you whut I say de fust time I hear it. Hit was a long time ergo I hear some er de niggers in de kitchen say hit, en I tells you de Gawd's truth, Mister Jim, whut I say. De ve'y fust time I hears hit, I say, 'Well, suh! Well, suh!' Dat's jes whut I say."

"Well, Simon," observed Jim, smiling, "I knew you were a philosopher, but why did you

make such a profound observation as that? Isn't it true?"

"I keep on hearn em say so, Mister Jim, but I tells you one udder thing. Dey ain mah'd yet."

"I understand they are to be married, though, early in the fall when school opens," said Jim.

"Yas'r, I hears dat too, Mister Jim, but dey ain mah'd yit."

"Well, but Simon," insisted Jim, "they are going to be."

Simon turned to him with an expression of something like genuine disgust.

"Now, Mister Jim," he said reprovingly, "is you teach in dishyuh school er whole tarm, en you ain never heerd er things whut is gwine ter be?"

Jim did not know why, he vowed to himself it was not so, but it was so—his heart gave a bound and he felt like getting up and hugging Old Simon.

He took out two silver dollars and handed them to him, saying that one was for little "Mister Jim," and the other was a bridal present. Simon had been married over two years, so he gave an extra grin and again declared in delight that it was the same Mister Jim.

"Naws'r, Mister Jim," he repeated, as Jim started thoughtfully down the road towards the hotel. "You kin jest put hit down whut Old Simon say, fer he keep his eye open; en he say 'dey ain mah'd yit.' Dat's jest whut he say."

Chapter XXVII.

The days go by, and the years. Gradually is the light turned on in the Dark Corner. Gradually is mind waked up, and with it the soil. The truck growing industry has assumed large proportions and large importance, making the county rich. But it is the school system which has made Pee Dee famous. The sequence may have been accidental, but material prosperity closely followed the establishment of this system, and the people believe that the one was caused by the other. So that the school system is the chief pride of Pee Dee; and in course of time the school house has become in each community a centre of social and intellectual interest.

There are three county high schools: one at Waxton, one at Hollisville, in a handsome new brick building on the site formerly occupied by the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, President; and the third is situated in a grove of graceful pines, which you can see just as you emerge from the Washmore Swamp. Each one of these high schools is in the center of a School Division. The high school principals are also supervisors of the district schools in the respective divisions. The district schools are in charge of teachers, each of whom after being graduated from college has taught two years in one of the high schools, as an apprenticeship before being entrusted with the more delicate work of teaching the children of more tender age and under more difficult conditions. Every teacher in the county reports on Saturday at the high school of his division to confer with the supervisor about the work, and these apprentice teachers are present at this conference. The General Superintendent makes it a rule to be present at one of these conferences every Saturday, thus going the rounds, conferring with every teacher in the county every three weeks. He goes often around among the district schools during the week days, not to "visit the schools" nor to "inspect the schools," but to do something specific which he knows about and has talked with the teachers about before he goes there. Most of these district schools have from three to five teachers in them. They are about ten miles apart, so that as a rule no child has to come more than five miles to school. This is but a short distance, for the roads are good and the long covered wagons with their genial trusty drivers come by every morning and gather up the children. The people are proud of their new hard roads, made by digging down and bringing up the clay to mix with the sand. The General Superintendent says, with a merry gleam in his gray eyes, that the roads are a part of the school system, for they followed fast upon the installation of the covered school wagons. Besides, the roads are used by the General Superintendent more than almost any one else; and the one next proudest of them is the Superintendent's driver. This driver is a favorite with the teachers and the pupils all over the county. They call him "Ole Simon." He and his master, as they travel together, sometimes discuss the doctrine of the Transmigration of the Soul.

There are no "professors" in the schools. In the journal of the General Superintendent is written, "I don't tune pianos, or go up in a balloon, or train ponies, or make tintype photographs, or travel through the country with a tuning fork teaching singing school: so I see no reason why I should be called professor."

The Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor (afterwards Colonel) Jefferson Marquinius Tilson President, no longer issues catalogues announcing what is going to be. The chief reminders in Pee Dee of this historic institution are the few remaining diplomas framed and hung upon the walls, inscribed in much becurled and betailed penmanship with such names as Alys and Mamye and Matylda.

There is no Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson, neither Colonel.

Not long since, a party of Pee Dee people in their travels stopped in one of the small towns of the West. Here they saw a man whose face, figure, and bearing reminded them of earlier days in Pee Dee. He was standing on the rear end of a fantastically decorated two-horse spring wagon. He wore a long tail coat, with a high silk hat. A tremendous gold chain was stretched across his front, and from the sleek bosom of his snowy white shirt there sparkled and glittered a huge stone, which the large crowd surrounding his wagon on the street corner took for a diamond. He was making demonstrations upon the numerous long sufferers from sundry ailments, who presented themselves, and discoursing upon the marvel-

ous properties of his Universal Remedy, guaranteed to cure colds, coughs, consumption, catarrh, chronic headaches, bunions, bronchitis, Bright's disease, lacerated sore throat, peritonitis, sore eyes, in-growing toe-nails, and a number of other diseases, all for $1.25 a bottle, being the special preparation of the celebrated Friend of the Afflicted, Doctor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson. With him was a tall, dark-haired, black-eyed woman, who energetically passed out the bottles and took in the money. This, the Pee Dee people learned, was his wife.

The Reverend Samuelson Westmoreland Hubbard, D.D., is no more, but Sam Hubbard has a job at one dollar a day cutting timber in Washmore Swamp for Tom Moore. I will tell you about Tom.

Moore and Saunder's Truck Farm is the largest and most successful in that whole part of the country. They ship large quantities of strawberries, lettuce, asparagus, celery, cauliflower, and other vegetables. In connection with the farm, which is situated on the upper border of Washmore Swamp, they have a plant for making their own crates, getting the timber from the swamp. Tom is considered the most expert truck man in the county. His farm being situated near the Washmore Swamp High School, as a regular part of the instruction in horticulture, the pupils are sent to visit it. And that isn't all about Tom. There has been a wedding at Ole Man Bill Jordan's. Jim Thompson was best man.

It was two months after the wedding, one day in early June, Jim got a telephone message that Mrs. Moore was very ill. He did not wait for the conference of teachers to close, but as soon as Simon could hitch up, he started at full speed. She had been sick for several weeks with a raging fever, and now the crisis was approaching. Tom was going frantically from room to room wringing his hands and running his fingers through his hair. Jim called the doctor aside and asked him to tell him exactly what he thought of Amanda's condition.

"The end will come within three days," said the doctor.

Jim went to his room, wrote a telegram, and a note, and called Simon.

"Simon," he said, "take this telegram to Hollisville; hitch Mr. Tom's two horses to his carriage, and make them go as fast as they will travel. Give this telegram to the operator."

"Now, listen," went on Jim. "You know Miss Aileen Hall "

"Yas'r, I knows her fer sho."

"She will be down on the train tomorrow afternoon. Give her this note."

"Dis here ain't ter her, is it?" asked Simon.

"Yes," answered Jim, "certainly. Meet her at the train and give it to her at once. Do you understand?"

Simon made no reply, but all of a sudden a mysterious look came over his dusky features. He tucked the note under his vest and buttoned up his coat to his chin, though the perspiration was rolling down his face.

"When she is ready," added Jim, "hurry her here. Do not wait for anything. Have your horses fed and watered and hitched up to the carriage."

The distance from Washmore Swamp to Hollisville had been reduced by fully one half by the improvement of the road. Instead of having to plow through heavy sand, there was a smooth firm road-bed all the way; Tom's two horses were fleet of foot; and Simon was thoroughly alive to his responsibilities.

In the middle of the following night, Aileen entered the neat two-story cottage set off in the grove of pines. Jim met her at the front door, and led her silently into the sitting room.

"This morning she got a little better, but late this afternoon she began to get worse. The doctor gave her some morphine. Since that time she has been asleep. God knows if she will ever wake again."

Saying this he sat down on a sofa, buried his face in his hands, and began to weep violently. Aileen, her face very pale, a dazed blank expression in it, stood in the middle of the floor. Jim, recovering himself, arose and begged her to sit down.

Tom came into the room, wringing his hands. Jim had told him the secret that afternoon. She shook hands with Tom, but showed no sign of emotion, little sign of life at all. She just looked dazed and stood there. Neither she nor Tom said a word to each other. The doctor came in shortly afterwards and said that Amanda was still asleep and that her pulse was steadily growing weaker. Tom sat down and burst out crying. Still Aileen stood and looked on. She would not sit down, till Jim took her by the hand and led her to a chair. They all sat then, scarcely uttering a word till near dawn, when the nurse who had been watching at the bedside came in and called the doctor out. Tom followed; then Aileen for the first time burst out crying.

"My sister! My sister! Can't you let me go to her now? You have kept me away from her all these years. Now that she is dying, aren't you going to let me speak to her, just speak to her once and ask here forgiveness?"

Jim could make no reply. Every bitter word sank into his heart. In a short while she grew a little calmer, but she kept her face buried in a sofa pillow. The doctor came back and said that Amanda had waked up, and that she seemed a little better, but nobody must go to her except the nurse. Then Aileen began to cry as if her heart were breaking. Jim sat helplessly by. They heard Amanda groan in the next room.

"O why can't her own sister, who is closer to her than anybody else, go to her?" Aileen kept wailing, bowing up and down, her face buried in the pillow on the sofa. The sun had risen now, up over the green leaves of the cypress and juniper trees of Washmore Swamp; the light peeping through the red shades of the windows, and the birds began to sing in all the trees around the house. Aileen again seemed to grow calm. She raised her head and looked around the room. Seeing no one present save her and Jim alone, he sitting beside her on the sofa, looking piteously at

her, she began again, now looking straight at him with an expression which sent an agony to his heart.

"*You* have done it! *You* have kept from me all these years! My own sister! *Why* have you done it? You must have some good reason, but *why?* And now you only send for me when she is dying? *Why? Why?*"

He could only look at her; but not being able to meet her terrible gaze, his eyes fell away. The next moment, the door opened, and Mr. and Mrs. Jordan entered the room. Mr. Jordan had off his coat, and one gallus hung over his coarse white shirt. He wore no collar. His trousers touched his bare legs above the ankles. Mrs. Jordan had on the one-piece homespun dress slightly drawn at the waist, and her gray locks were hanging shaggily about her head. Both she and Mr. Jordan were barefooted. Jim slowly turned his head toward them; then looked at Aileen. He did not utter a word, but in answer to her repeated "Why," he seemed to say, "That is the reason."

Aileen sprang to her feet, threw her arms around Mrs. Jordan and kissed her several times. Then she did the same to Mr. Jordan, astonishing them both beyond measure.

"My own Grandmother and Grandfather!" she exclaimed. "Don't you know me? I am Aileen, your granddaughter."

Still they looked their consternation. Aileen turned in appeal to Jim.

"She is Amanda's sister," he said, "the other girl you once asked me about. I did not know then." And he bowed his head.

"But for many years he has known," began Aileen, "and why, *why*—" She stopped and kissed them each again.

It was as much as the two old people could do to take in the fact that Aileen really was the "t'other gal" for them to enter with her then into speculations as to why the secret had been kept from them. But after a while they did grasp it. For the next few days they would scarcely let her out of their sight. They just sat and gazed at her.

Amanda grew better. Her fever left her and she began to get stronger, though very slowly. They were afraid to excite her, so that for three days more no one saw her save the doctor and the nurse, and Tom once or twice a day. On the fourth day, though, the doctor said that Aileen could go in to see her, but that she must not be identified as her sister. When she went into the room Amanda's face lit up as with a bright light. She was almost too weak to speak, but she said faintly, "I hoped they would send for you. Why have you not been in before? Stoop down and kiss me."

Aileen was greatly surprised that Amanda should think of her at all, but she was pleased. She could not talk to her, though, except to say some soothing words. The doctor said she must nt be made to remember or think or anything. Aileen stroked her head a few minutes, kissed her again and left the room. This she did once or twice a day for several days, the time being increased as Amanda steadily grew stronger. Then she took her place as nurse.

Jim had to return to his work, but he came in every few days. Tom resumed the work on his farm.

In a week Amanda was sitting up, and the next week she was able to be dressed and carried out on the piazza. Here it was, late one afternoon, that Jim, who had come in to spend the night, having consulted the doctor, decided to tell Amanda the secret, which had had such a powerful influence upon her life and his. She sat half reclining in a large rocking chair propped up with pillows, but she was now recovering and the bloom was coming into her thinned and bleached cheeks.

Aileen sat on one side of her, and Tom, close to her on the other side, held her hand. Jim almost choked with emotion as he began to tell the story. Amanda just looked. As he went on something came into her face that resembled the old stare. She showed no sign of astonishment or of great emotion, and Aileen's heart experienced a sensation of pain, for she took the strange manner for indifference. Amanda did not speak a word until after Jim had finished his story. Then she and Aileen folded each other in their arms.

"Will you be honest if I ask you a question?" Amanda asked.

"Of course, my sister," answered Aileen.

"Are you glad?"

Aileen threw her arms around Amanda and fell upon her bosom, weeping.

"Oh, my sister!" she said, "won't you forgive me now, after so many years?"

Amanda only held her tighter in her arms.

"There's nothing to forgive," she answered at length, slowly. "I only want to know before I tell you something, because I am so different from you and you have lived in such a different world from mine."

"But you have been so much better than I have been," said Aileen, "and"—here her eyes involuntarily glanced around at Jim, who did not see it—"you have done so much more good in the world."

"No," said Amanda; and they were both silent a long time, Jim and Tom, silent too, looking on.

"Are you much surprised?" Jim asked after a while.

"Must I tell you, Aileen?" she asked turning to her sister, "what I said I had to tell?"

"Yes."

Amanda looked from one to the other in silence for a long time. Then she fixed her eyes on the towering tops of the pine trees across the field and said, slowly, without apparent emotion,

"I have known this for six years. Mrs. Thompson told me that first summer I went to see her."

And Jim remembered that night she cut her arm on the plank in the swamp and kept it from him till, led by the gleam of light through the thick gloom, they reached the little hut of Wister Harper, a haven of rest and shelter from the darkness and cold.

After supper that night, Jim took a long walk alone. When he returned he found Aileen sitting on the porch. The moon was shining

bright. He had not talked with her alone at all. He had not had the opportunity. Besides, he feared to embarrass her. At supper she had been quiet; and he guessed that she was thinking of the other revelation, that Amanda had kept this secret six years, that she knew that day she kissed her at the railroad station at Hollisville, and all these years still she herself was not allowed to know. Jim guessed right. It was this that made Aileen quiet. It was what he, too, was thinking of; and now, still out on the porch, he imagined Aileen wanted to be alone. Fearing to intrude, he started in, only speaking formally, as he got on the porch. But as he put his hand on the knob, he did not turn it; he stepped back and looked up at the moon.

"It's a beautiful night," he said, "isn't it?"

"Beautiful," she replied, looking toward him and smiling sadly.

He walked over to where she was sitting and sat on the railing near her, but he did not speak. She did not speak, and both of them looked steadily out into the night. Finally she raised her eyes and looked at him.

"Why have you kept this secret from me?"

"Do you not know?" he replied.

She did not answer. Her eyes fell away, and he thought he saw by the moonlight which beamed upon her face that she had been weeping. He sat silently watching her. She got up to go in, turning her face away, as if avoiding his gaze. As her hand struck the knob she paused, just as he had done. He gently took her hand. She made a faint effort to withdraw it, but he held it firm, and drew her back to the railing. Though she tried to hide it, he now clearly saw a tear trickling down her cheek.

"Little Girl, I love you. Don't you know it?"

She did not answer, but looked once into his face; then her eyes fell away. He gently put his hand upon the back of her soft hair, still golden, still silken, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Don't you know it?" he whispered.

And he felt her head, very slightly, faintly, bobbing against his shulder.

"Won't you be my Little Girl always?" he asked.

"No, Jim," she said, "it is not a little girl you want, but a woman, with a woman's mind able to grasp the high purpose of your life, and a woman's soul to be a part of it. I loved so to be called 'Little Girl,' but oh, how selfish and small I was!"

"But how selfish I was," said Jim, "to want you to leave the world and come out her!"

"And do you call that narrow sphere in which I have lived 'the world'? When I think of these long years I might have been helping you—"

She sobbed on his shoulder.

"But don't think of it, my darling. Tell me only that we are to be together now for always."

Gently she raised her face, looked into his eyes, and—

The shadow of a man approached from around the corner of the porch. It was Simon, and he was looking straight at the moon for symptoms of snow. But as he passed on into the shadows a distinct chuckle could be heard echoing through the branches of the pine trees.

Chapter XXVIII.

Two children are playing by the well, in the midst of a grove of scrawny oaks. One is a boy of twelve, with light brown hair almost red, a handsome and manly little fellow; he speaks with a half drawl; he is a bright boy, though, and full of mischief, a gleam in his big brown eyes. His name is Jim Thompson Moore: none of your hifalutin James's now, his father says; his name is "Jim." And he's the "dadbustedest fool" about his little cousin that you ever saw. This little cousin is a few years younger that he. She has bright blue eyes and rich golden hair, which sparkles in the autumn sun as she runs about the lawn. Her name is Amy Hall Thompson. Ole Man Bill Jordan, leaning against the fence, gazing at them through his fast dimming eyes over the rims of his spectacles, expresses the opinion that his veracity is utterly unreliable "ef'n them ain't er 'mazin' pair er brats." And he intimates in case you distrust the accuracy of his judgment, that "the Ol' Oman'll tell you the same thing." A genial negro man plays with the children. They call him "Ole Simon," but he is no older than he was when he played in the yard with the little boy's mother and the little girl's father.

Down at the lower edge of the grove are two women, simply dressed, but neatly and tastily. They are sisters, sitting in a hammock, with their arms around each other. One of them is reading aloud from a book in her lap. On the grass at their feet, leaning against a tree, is a red-headed man who listens, rather impatiently. The book is the Arabian Nights.

"I don't believe half of that," says the man.

The women lok at each other and laugh.

"Why, Tom, nobody expects you to believe it. This woman was making it up as she went along to entertain the King, her husband. If she failed to make it so interesting that he would not want more the next night, he would cut her head off."

"Well, he ought to cut her head off for being such a dadbusted big liar."

In the front room of the house sits a man who, if you look at him now, you would say was nearing fifty; if you had seen an hour ago at the dinner table where he sat talking and joking until all the others had finished, when he had to eat his dinner alone, you would have said he was not quite thirty. But now he sits looking out of the window at the children at play, and at the group at the lower end of the grove, his thin resting in his hand, his forefinger pressed against the side of his nose. In the record book lying open on the table beside him, the ink scarcely dry, is written:

"'Tis Sunday afternoon of an October day. It seems the very same day I have seen, and felt, and lived—or have been or *am*—many

times before. On such days, most often, returning instants in Time's Cycle stop before the startled soul."

Simon draws a bucket of water for the children. Before any of them drink, he brings a large gourd full to the window. He has to speak twice before the man inside, looking out of the window at him, seems to hear him, or to see him. At length this man takes the gourd, drinks, and hands it back. He looks into the negro's genial, dusky face with a curious expression.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Simon, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he observes solemnly.

Simon grins, but his master's face is stern and serious. He pours the water out of the gourd and observes as solemnly:

"Yas'r, I specks so suh."

He goes back to play with the children.

And Time's Cycle moves on.

(THE END)

Second Thoughts of a Minute Philosopher

By WILLIAM J. BURTSCHER

The oldest table known to man is vege-table.

Cats think mice-catching a hole-some pastime.

The secret of keeping secrets is still a secret.

Farmers raise corn in rows, but seldom on their toes.

Love may be blind, but hate is helplessly deaf and dumb.

The reputation of an arctic hero easily falls below zero.

Most people have to sweat for their cold cash.

About all tourists can do when in Rome is to roam.

We all want Father Time to wait until a farther time.

The Devil, quoting Scripture, isn't always able to give chapter and verse.

The way of others is all right until they cross our way at the same time we cross theirs.

A failosopher is a man who preaches everything and practices nothing.

Burglars go about at night looking for opportunity, only to land where opportunity cannot find them.

Some men think there is no harm in fishing on Sunday so long as they do not eat the fish until Monday.

There may be a bright side to everything, but some trouble comes in the shape of an octagon, with seven sides dark.

The poor man's bottom dollar shows up on top of the rich man's heap at last.

Truth may be divided into two classes—the kind we like to tell about others, and the kind we like told about us.

A humorist is a man who tells jokes to friends who lie about not having heard before the stories he is about to tell again.

There are more poor people in the world who would like to die rich, than there are rich people who have expressed a desire to die poor.

Lucky is the loser who has no one but himself to remind him of the fact that he has no one but himself to blame for it.

Those people who are always reminded of something have a reminder that often repeats itself.

Nearly every man's wife who thinks she deserves a better husband, has a husband who knows he deserves a better wife.

In the South the negro is allowed to grow naturally. In the North he is cultivated.

SOME HEROIC AND STRENUOUS RIDES WITH ZEB STUART

By COL. G. N. SAUSSY

CHAPTER I.

JOHN ESTIN COOKE, soldier, poet, author, and a genuine "F. F. V." sang of Stuart:

"Never was cavalier like ours!
Not Rupert in the days before,
And when his stern, hard work was done,
His grief, battles, joys o'er,
His mighty spirit rode the storm
And led his men once more."

James Ewell Brown Stuart was born in Patrick county, Virginia, on 6th February, 1833. In 1848 he entered Emory and Henry College. During a revival he was converted, and joined the Methodist church. In 1850 he received his appointment to West Point. He was studious, and graduated thirteenth in his class of forty-six students.

Upon his graduation he was commissioned brevet second lieutenant and assigned to the Mounted Rifles, serving in Texas; his commission dated dated 1st July, 1854. On 20th December, 1855, he was promoted first lieutenant.

In the winter of 1858-59, while on leave of absence in Virginia, he was called to Washington by the War Department regarding a sabre attachment he had patented. While in Washington on this business, the insane raid of John Brown on Harper's Ferry occurred. Stuart was sent to Arlington with a sealed order to Lieut.-Col. Robert E. Lee, who had been selected to command the marines sent to suppress this insurrection.

Being on leave, away from his command, he volunteered as an aide to Col. Lee and assisted in squelching that act of madness that proved no small factor in coming events.

In March, 1861, he obtained two months' leave of absence, and on reaching Cairo, Ill., forwarded his resignation to the War Department as an officer in the regular establishment. Almost immediately thereafter he received notice of his appointment as Captain in his regiment.

But the die was cast, and on reaching Richmond he tendered his services to his native State. His first commission in the Southern army was that of Lieutenant-Colonel of infantry, dated 10th May, 1861, but on the 16th July, just preceding by two days the skirmish at Bull Run—18th July—he received his commission as Colonel of cavalry.

One of Stuart's first adventures is worthy of mention. Jackson had been sent by Joe Johnston to resist Patterson's advent into the lower valley. Here, with a part of a regiment and one gun, "Old Jack"—for he had not yet been baptised with the name that forever must be associated with him—Stonewall—Stuart acting on Jackson's flank emerged from a thick wood, and in advance of his men, came suddenly upon a body of the enemy, separated from them only by a fence. Riding toward them he directed some of the men, who probably mistook him for one of their own officers, to throw down the fence. This was quickly done, when Stuart ordered the whole body to throw down their arms on peril of their lives.

Bewildered by his boldness, the men obeyed and filing them through the gap he soon had them surrounded by his men, as prisoners.

The troops thus captured proved to be forty-nine men of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers.

Stuart's next duty was to curtain Johnston's rapid march to reinforce Beauregard. So successfully did he screen this, Patterson did not know Johnson was out of the Valley until the latter had fallen on McDowell's flank, and history had written *"Stonewall"* as the prefix forever to Jackson's name.

Stuart with two troops of cavalry, with Lieut. Beckham's battery, constituted the Confederate extreme left at Manassas. And on Early's arrival on that flank, encouraged Old Jube to attack, and did such effective work Gen. Early writes: "Stuart did as much towards saving the First Manassas as any subordinate who participated in it, and yet he received no credit for it in the official reports." On the 24th September, 1861, Col. J. E. B. Stuart was promoted brigadier of cavalry and the First, Second, Fourth and Sixth Virginia, First North Carolina and the Jeff Davis Legion, constituting the cavalry brigade of the then Confederate "Army of the Potomac."

Barring a skirmish at Dranesville, on 20th December, 1861, Stuart's command was engaged in outpost, picket and scouting duties.

When the seat of activities was transferred from Northern Virginia to Yorktown, on the Lower Peninsular, Stuart marched his troopers clear across the Old Dominion. Then began the incidents in the caption of this chapter.

Many skirmishes occurred after the clash of arms at Williamsburg, where on the 4th and

5th of May, 1862, the rear of Johnson and the advance of McClellan's army had a hot engagement. The cavalry brigade got its first baptism in that battle.

When Johnston turned at bay, he was close to the outskirts of Richmond.

McClellan, ever cautious after Williamsburg, felt no occasion to rush the Confederate army. Then the Federal captain began the investment of the Confederate capital.

When the spring rains had flooded the murky Chicahominy and lifted some of its bridges, Johnston conceived the "*psychological*," as the term now is, moment had arrived, planned an attack on McClellan's left, but was unsupported by his flanking column, and a bloody and indecisive battle is inscribed on the tablets of history, Johnston himself being one of the victims.

Mosby, then a scout, later the most active and famous partisan commander under the *Starry Cross*, passed through and around McClellan's right flank. entirely along his rear, and safely regained the Confederate line through the Federal left.

His observation justified him in reporting to Stuart the possibility of an expedition of picked men along the lines he had traveled.

THE CHICAHOMINY RAID..

In obedience to written instructions from Gen. R. E. Lee Gen. Stuart rendesvoused detachments from the First Virginia Cavalry under Col. Fitz Lee, the Ninth Virginia under Col. W. H. F. Lee, and that part of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry was divided between the commands of Col. Fitz and Col. W. H. F. Lee, and the Jeff Davis Legion under Lieut.-Col. Martin, the artillery under Lieut. James Breathed. These commands assembled at the Brook turnpike and lent shade to a rumor the troops were enroute to join Jackson in the Valley. The command aggregated about 1,100 troopers and, according to the writer's recollection, there were three guns, one with the advance, one near the center, and one with the rear.

On the afternoon of the 12th June the expedition proceeded leisurely out by the Brook pike. and at dusk went into a fireless bivouac near Taylorsville.

Industrious scouts had well inspected the country. and reported the road to Old Church unobstructed.

With the first faint tints of dawn the troopers were quietly in the saddle, and the foray made famous as "The Chickahominy Raid" began; and the head of the column turned eastward toward Hanover Court House, which was found in possession of a body of the enemy. This command vacated and retired unmolested toward Mechanicsville.

Stuart now moved via Talliferro's Mill to Hawes' Shop, where he encountered the pickets of the Fifth Regular Cavalry. These, with their supports, two squadrons, retired after some skirmishing to the banks of Totopolomoy creek, whose swampy banks gave the Federals a great advantage of position, and the regulars for awhile made a successful stand.

Industrious flankers soon found crossings above and below, and the Regulars were manoeuvred out of their strong position and pushed back to the junction of the road which leads to Bethseda Church. Here Capt. W. B. Royall assumed command and deployed his troops to receive our attack.

Heading Stuart's column was Rooney Lee's Ninth Virginia Cavalry, its advance squadron, Companies E and F, commanded by the gallant Latane.

With the sabre, and in column of fours, the gray troopers rode for the regulars. In the clash Latane and Royall met and Royall sent a fatal bullet into the Virginian, but not before the gray soldier had drawn blood with his sabre.

The Federal squadron was driven from the field. But the excellent discipline of the regulars was maintained, and again they wheeled into line only again to be broken.

The Fifth Regulars had been formerly the Second Cavalry, of which command Fitz Lee had been an officer. Fitz's regiment, the First Virginia, now came to the front, and Fitz asked permission to follow the retiring regulars to their camp. This was at Old Church. The command drew up there for a final test, but soon broke, and their camp was in Fitz's hands and speedilyg given to the flames.

In the order of march, when the column formed in the gray dawn, the Ninth Virginia, under Col. Rooney Lee, was assigned the advance, Fitz Lee with the First and a portion of the Fourth Virginia, the center, and the Jeff Davis Legion the rear.

The writer's recollection is there were three pieces of artillery with the command.

When we first forced the Federals out of position near Hanover Court House, we discovered quite a cloud of dust approaching from our rear. Col. Martin wheeled the Legion and unlimbered his gun in the road to meet the approaching foe. There proved to be no need of cannon, sabre or pistol. The command raising the dust had been cut of while scouting, and in attempting to regain their command had been told by the people of the countryside the whole of Lee's army was between them and their friends.

Discreetly, therefore, they rode up to us and surrendered. I do not recall the strength of the force, but it was somewhere between twenty and forty men.

The excited country folks had either intentionally or by accident magnified less than 1,200 troopers into the whole Army of Northern Virginia. But all things are fair in love —and war.

Stuart now changed direction southward, and soon struck the York River Railroad at Tunstall's Station. His command was not prepared like Sherman's, later in the war, to demolish the roadway. So sudden was Stuart's swoop upon the station it and its guard were captured without firing a gun. The noise of an approaching train advised the advance guard to get busy. As quickly as possible such obstructions as were handy, old ties and logs, were thrown upon the rail. A plucky engineer was at the throttle and, smelling danger, he jerked the valve wide open and dashed at the obstructions. These proved of no avail, and the engine hurled them from the track and the train proceeded at full speed in the direction of the White House. After Stuart proceeded as far as Tunstall's he knew he was well in rear of the right wing of McClellan's army. He knew also the escaping regulars had warned the nearest troops he had broken through their cordon, and therefore his danger was intensified. He had now penetrated so far in rear of the enemy's right he felt satisfied to attempt to return by the route he had entered must be done with great hazard and danger.

Tunstall's Station was less than four miles from the White House, the great supply depot for McClellan's army, on the Pamunkey river. Stuart had, before reaching Tunstall's, dispatched a squadron each of the First and Ninth Virginia to Putney's Ferry, on the Panunkey. This command captured two large schooners. considerable stores, and the wagon train of the Seventeenth and Forty-fourth New York Infantry. The stores, schooners and wagons were destroyed, and the prisoners and live stock marched in the direction of the moving column and added to the captures of men and beasts.

Stuart was anxious for a dash at the main supply station at the White House, but the escaping train, as well as a scouting party from near Tunstall's had apprised the garrison and guards of the proximity of the raiders. The troops at the White House were supported by several gunboats. Admonished by Gen. Lee's order: "Be content to accomplish all the good you can, without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired," also by the knowledge that McClellan's camps were but five or six miles from him, and the York River Railroad to quickly transport a large force to attack him in the rear, he gave up the plan of attack upon the depot of immense supplies.

Upon the alarm spread by the routed regulars, a large force was thrown across the route by which Stuart had penetrated the Federal line. He must have anticipated this very movement of the enemy, and instead of attempting a return to the Confederate line by that route he concluded to try a dangerous alternative and pass around the entire rear of the Potomac Army and seek safety through that army's left flank. Stuart halted the head of his column at Talleysville that the whole column might close up to compact form. My command being in the rear came up just in time for the head of the column to resume the march. This was about midnight. Just about that time (midnight) gen. J. F. Reynolds' brigade of Federal infantry reached Tunstall's, just one hour after Stuart's rear guard had left. Stuart's column was but four miles away, with the Pamunkey on his left flank, the swollen Chickahominy and beyond that the James and McClellan's whole army between him and Richmond. The situation was one of acute peril.

Stuart first tried a private ford of the Chickahomony on the plantation of Lieut. Jones Christian. The swollen river was outside its banks and the ford, generally in a condition to be used, was now so flooded as to be beyond the possibility of service. Indeed, Col. Rooney Lee made the effort, and both horse and rider came near losing life in the rushing stream.

The next alternative was the dismantled bridge—Forge bridge. Here the command had to rebuild the bridge, for the water was fifteen feet deep.

A large tobacco barn furnished the material. Willing hands, with poles and puncheons, soon demolished the structure. Handspikes in the hands of ready workers soon transported the *sills*, then the weather-boards, and without pioneer tools the ready troopers quickly spanned the interval between the two abutments with the sills (they lapped each abutment just nine inches) and laying the weather-boarding as flooring, the river was no longer a menace.

Most of the horses had been swum the river. Baron Heros Von Borcke, the Prussian dragoon, who had joined Stuart less than two weeks before, swam sixty-five of the horses across that black torrent.

While the bridge was being constructed Col. Fitz Lee, with about fuor hundred of the force and the artillery, moved some distance in our rear and prepared to resist any force that should demonstrate against us.

Once or twice detachments of the enemy appeared, but on Fitz Lee's demonstrating against them they promptly retired without awaiting the attack. Before two o'clock the

bridge was completed, and the whole command across the Chickahominy. Fitz Lee was the last man to cross the bridge. Then it was promptly destroyed and the raiders en route for the banks of the James. The main body of the Chickahominy swamp was yet to be passed. It was so flooded twice the writer's horse lost his footing and had to swim. How the artillery made the successful transit of that swamp, the deponent knoweth not.

While the raiders had passed many dangers, we were not yet beyond them. As we emerged from the swamp we found ourselves thirty-five miles below Richmond and on the banks of the James. The James, from Drewry's Bluff east, was in possession of and patrolled by the enemy's gunboats, and the River Road upon which we moved was for twenty-five miles within cannon shot of these gunboats. The writer recalls the statement somewhere made, we passed twenty-four Federal vessels, gunboats and transports, but were never molested until we neared the Confederate right. This was just about dawn. A few large shells were thrown in our direction, but in no instance did any harm.

Before sunup we were again within the Confederate lines, and with us came 165 unwilling guests, who as unwillingly joined us along the route, and 265 horses and mules, which were turned into the quartermaster's department.

M. Quad, a Federal historian, says we destroyed property "well up into *seven figures* (that is, beyond the million-dollar mark).

Having securely located McClellan's right, and having circled his army, Gen. Lee promptly profited by Stuart's marvelous exploit, and at once planned the details that eventuated in bringing Stonewall from the Valley and directing his movements practically upon the line blazed out by Stuart in this marvelous and audacious foray.

Baring his right and center, and massing heavily upon his left, on the 26th June Gen. Lee launched the Army of Northern Virginia upon McClellan's right and in succession Mechanicsville, Ellison's Mills, Cold Harbor, Gaines' Mill, Frazer's Farm, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill were wrenched from McClellan's grasp, and after seven days of continuous battle the beaten Army of the Potomac cowered under Gainsborough's guns in the James.

History does not reveal a foray that combined rarer and strictly greater danger and more complete success. The Chickahominy Raid, it is claimed, is the *world's standard* for this particular feature in war. It burnishes Stuart's fame and that of his troopers with a luster that brightens and broadens as the years come and go. The Southern boy was a born trooper. His early familiarity with horse and gun naturally qualified him for this arm of the military service. Small wonder, therefore, that he far excelled the blue horseman and gave such efficiency to the Confederate cavalry.

In this famous ride we captured men who had never been astride of a horse. To Stuart's troopers, who from childhood had been accustomed to horseback exercise, this seemed marvelous and unbelievable.

Speed was an important factor, once the column was behind McClellan's big army, and the prisoners captured must move with celerity. This could not be done dismounted. They were ordered to mount the captured horses and mules. The writer recalls one or more of these unfortunate and *enforced guests* avowing they had never in their lives been astride of a horse and begging not to be compelled to mount.

The*situation* forbid either argument or delay, therefore they were required against will and inclination to "get aboard of the horses," as an English sailor in the writer's troop quaintly termed it, and thus move with the rapid column. These prisoners were a sore and weary crowd when we at last released them in Richmond from their enforced ride.

BIBLE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

By MRS. C. E. KERR, Decatur, Ga.

WE believe that with the following commission of our Lord, given by inspiration through three of His sacred writers, no Christian will deny that it is the duty of Christians to give the gospel to all nations, which means in present day expression, "Home and foreign missions."

"Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Matt. 28: 19, 20.

"Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned." Mark, 16: 15, 16.

"Thus it behooved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem." Luke 24: 46, 47.

Many, however, just now are concerned about "how" this work should be done. As in all other matters of Christian duty, the Bible should be our "only rule of faith and practice" in carrying out our Lord's last great commission. So let us go "back to the Book" for

BIBLE MISSION METHODS.

1st. Christ's churches are commanded to preach the gospel to all nations. This truth we gather from Matt. 28: 19, 20, as above quoted. This commission was given to "the eleven," but in the capacity of His church, for He promises to be with those who preach the gospel to the "end of the world." showing the perpetuity of the commission. The fact also that baptism and the "all things which I have commanded you," which includes the observance of the church ordinance of the Lord's Supper, was committed to them, proving conclusively that they accepted the commission as in the capacity of the Church of God. Having received this commission from a higher power, they have no right to delegate it to another body, such as Conventions, Conferences, Societies or Boards, any more than they have to delegate the administration of the church ordinances to other bodies.

2d. The churches set apart those whom God calls to mission fields. "Then tidings of these things came to the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem; and they sent forth Barnabas that he should go as far as Antioch." Acts 11: 22. Also the church at Antioch sent out Barnabas and Paul. Acts 13: 1 to 4. There is not an atom of scripture authority for any other body than a church of God to appoint or send out a missionary.

3d. The churches and individual contribute directly to the missionaries. "Now ye Philipians know also that in the beginning of the gospel, when I departed from Macedonia, no church communicated with me as concerning giving and receiving but ye only." Phil. 4: 15. "I robbed other churches taking wages of them to do you service, and when I was present with you and wanted I was chargable to no man; for that which was lacking to me the brethren which came from Macedonia supplied." 2 Cor. 11 8,9. We find that, as in Rev. 3, the message comes to the churches, "He that hath an ear let him hear *what the Spirit saith to the churches.*" Rev. 3: 22. But the promise is fulfilled to the individual who hears the message and opens the door, "Behold I stand at the door and knock. If *any* man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in *to him*, and will sup with him and be with him." Rev. 3: 20. So we find that the individual in the church who will hear and open to the Master, may acceptably make their offering to Him even if the whole church is not ready to receive His message. "The Lord give mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus, for he oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." 2 Tim. 1: 16, also Phil. 2: 25.

4th. The missionaries receipt and report direct to their churches. After Paul's first missionary tour he returns to the Antioch church, which sent him out, we read. "And thence sailed to Antioch from when they had been recommended to the grace of God for the work which they fulfilled. And when they were come, and had gathered the church together they rehearsed all that God had done with, and how He had opened the door of faith unto the Gentiles." Acts 14: 26, 27.

5th. The Holy Spirit guides and locates the missionaries on the field, "Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia, and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Spirit to preach the word in Asia, after they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia: but the Spirit suffered them not." Acts 16: 6, 7, also Acts 10.

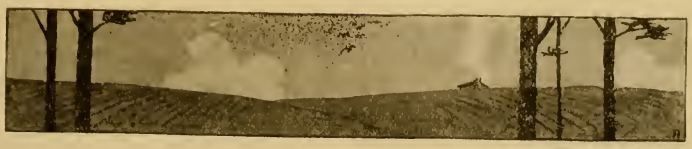
There is no Scripture authority for any Board or body of men locating a missionary, or having him to sign a contract to them, binding himself not to move from one field to another without said Board's permission, as

do the Boards of modern missions. Suppose in Acts 16: 6, 7, Paul and Silas had been directed by such Board to go into Phrygia or Bithenia, and had paid themselves by contract under such Board, and the Holy Spirit directed them not to go—what then? Thus it will be seen that for Board or other body to undertake to "elicit, combine and direct" the work which Jesus committed to His churches, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is not only to assume the rights of the churches, but the prerogatives of the Holy Spirit, who alone is director and to whom all authority belongs.

6th. The missionaries trust God to supply all their needs. "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Phil. 4: 19, also Matt. 28: 20, "Lo, I am with you even to the end of the world."

7th. The missionaries go forth to carry out the command of Christ as given in the commission. Matt. 28: 19, 20.

This method of direct mission work has for sixteen years been followed by a Baptist mission in the interior of China. The missionaries witness to the fact that God is faithful to supply all their needs through the liberality of His children in the home land. They also testify that God has prepared Himself a people among that nation who are drawn unto Him when Christ is lifted up by the missionaries, without any inducements, such as free schools, hospitals, etc. Who are interested in this direct gospel, or Bible, mission work may find further particulars of it in Our Missionary Helper, published in Decatur, Ga., which is the medium of communication between the field and home workers.



"I Know That With the Thoughts of Love"

Homer Mitchell Noble

I know that with the thought of love for friend,
A thousand lights blaze up within the mind,
As dying embers live before the wind,
And make the night aglow with flame. They lend
To darkness what belongs to day, and send
The fiery knights far to the wilds to find
Where are the fountains of the night. Resigned
To dwell in fitful gloom, I find the end
Of servile darkness comes with thought of love
For friend. I find the heart grown strangely bright,
And all the shades and shadows gone. Divine
Such new-born day. And thus my heart would prove
That when God's love of man was new, then light
Broke forth; a thousand stars began to shine,

Communications

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

IT IS DOING GOOD.

DEAR SIR:—I have just completed reproducing your article, "Some Additional Facts About Foreign Missions," which I had to print on the "installment plan" owing to its great length. Before God, I feel that it has done good already in the way of opening the eyes of our people to the wants of our own flesh and blood; for there has lain a sick lady just outside the town limits for ever so many weeks who has not, I must say, lacked for the necessaries of life, but for some one to call and cheer her with kind and tender words; these she never received till recently. Thanks be to somebody, the good ladies of this town are constantly by the dying woman's bedside.

May you live long, Mr. Watson, to battle for the rights of humanity.

Faithfully, A SUPPORTER.

[It fills me with the deepest satisfaction to learn such things as these. After awhile the preachers will quit abusing me. T. E. W.]

FROM AN OLD TEACHER.

DEAR SIR:—Owing to my deafness in one ear due to an attack of erysipelas I find myself "shelved" so far as teaching is concerned, but have too much energy to remain idle. So I want something to employ myself with, besides looking after my chickens and vegetable garden.

As to using my reminiscences, I believe we could handle what I have to our mutual advantage through the WATSON MAGAZINE. I have a number of stories, "close calls", and thrilling personal experiences in the "late unpleasantness", that hold the attention of old and young when I give them orally. In fact, I have head notes of fifteen or twenty chapters of "*my book*", that I have never had time nor money to publish—a sort of autobiography. I would be delighted to know that there was a good prospect through your help of giving it shape in some permanent form.

But, my brother, you owe me nothing for what I did for you when you were starting out in the world. Your examination for a teacher's place was satisfactory, and I thought, too, at the time, that you had a good share of practical sense, so notwithstanding you misspelled a word or two, *symmetry* and *prejudice*, I think, I was sure you would succeed as a teacher and so gave you the school, with "*salary to be paid at the end of the three months' term*". I probably told Mr. Hamlen, also, that he would run no risk in boarding you, on credit. You came to me about the close of our term, in May or June, and I didn't have the chance even of "*lecturing you in Normal class*". I claim you, however, as one of my colaborers in Bibb's public schools in their incipiency, and I have always been proud to mention you as one of my teachers and a good friend.

I will be glad to have you keep me in mind as one wanting (and needing) congenial work in my old age, though I confess it is hard to realize I am an old man. I have a cottage, here in Kirkwood.

Your friend, B. M. ZETTLER.

I remember, now, you boarded with Dr. Worsham, and made a fast friend of him, too. He admired you very much. B. M. Z.

[I boarded with Dr. Worsham. The name of the *school* was Hamlin Academy. T. E. W.]

APPRECIATED TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR STEED.

DEAR SIR:—I wish to say a word expressive of my high appreciation of your article on and tribute to Prof. E. A. Steed, and for his picture in the February number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE. I recognized the face as soon as my eyes fell upon it, even before reading a single word of your article. Prof Steed was a grand man. He occupied the chair of Latin and Greek in Mississippi College from the fall of 1856 to 1861 or '62. I was a student and sat in his classes during that time, and learned to love him as few men are loved. In fact, he was loved and honored by the entire student body of Mississippi College. In an address made by him to the College Rifles, a military company, formed principally of college boys, on the eve of their departure for Virginia, where they served from Bull Run to Appomattox, he told the boys, in his characteristic style, that they had been reading and studying history, but now they were going out to *make* history.

I saw Prof. Steed once during the war, as General Longstreet's corps, to which our company belonged, was on its way from Virginia in 1863 to re-enforce General Bragg at Chickamauga. Prof. Steed met the boys at Macon, Ga., as the train made a short stop. The boys gathered around him with hearts burning with love; and you may be sure there was a general jollification, as he entertained them during their short stop in his characteristic way. And then a final parting. I never saw his face again. I have had framed the picture you gave us and the memorial, as I prize it very highly. I have in frames his picture and yours, side by side, to look upon, and from which to draw inspiration.

Sincerely your friend and admirer,

McRouen, Miss. S. M. HOLLINGSWORTH.

AN EXPERIENCE WHICH TAUGHT MANY LESSONS.

DEAR SIR:—I am an ignorant plough boy who tired of being a hired hand, and got a fool notion that I would see the world; I left home and went to New York City and thought I would strike a ship and sail for Europe, but got sick, went broke and fell in with the tramps, beggars and hoboes, and had to look to charity for help. Help was very slim, not because they were hardhearted and did not want to help me, but because of the low wages and the high cost of living in the North, the charitable institutions were helping more than they were able to help.

While I was begging, praying and crying in New York City, I was told there were over ten thousand people crying for help in that city. Because of the small donations these charitable institutions were getting, they were unable to do much for those needing aid.

Then it was I began thinking of what I had been reading in your paper of the people of America going wild over the Foreign Missionary fad, and leaving things undone at home.

When I first read that I thought you were overestimating the conditions, but now I know you have not made it plain enough, nor can you, for it is beyond language to explain.

This country is in an awful condition, and it seems to me it is going to grow worse. You are telling the truth, and I know whereof I speak. I was in worse condition than the Prodigal Son.

I went to the Salvation Army headquarters and asked for a place to stay until I could get money from home, but all they could do for me was to give me one meal and a place to stay that night; they have a nine-story hotel, and it was filled with homeless and helpless men and women, and there were hundreds of cold and hungry on the streets.

The awful sights I saw—the profanity and the immorality of some of the men and women I met while I was there—how can our people close their eyes to this? How can they go to the elaborate churches and give so lavishly to the *FOREIGN* Mission cause?

After sharing the hospitality of the Salvation Army for one night I was broken-hearted, sick and ashamed; and I determined to make tracks for the South; I caught a freight out of Jersey City, and landed in Philadelphia, where I found things as bad as in New York; there was a strike on, and it looked like they were going to have trouble, and I thought how bad everything was looking at home and our missionary people can't see it.

I went to the Salvation Army there and the boss there happened to be a woman, and the mothely talk she gave me on top of all the experience I had already had was enough to drive me mad; she told me that it was bad for a young man like me to be in such a condition, and I said it certainly was but I couldn't help it, and she said if I were you I would be ashamed of it, and I said I am and that this was the first time I was ever in such a fix and that if I ever got home I would never be such a fool again. Then she gave me a ticket to the hotel and I found as many poor unfortunate beings as I had found in the New York place.

In my wretchedness I would think, whose hands will the blood of these people be laid to? and the answer seemed to come: "those that have neglected the small duties at home and have gone crazy over the dear little Doras of Africa and the Chinks in China."

I left Philadelphia for Baltimore and the trip was a hard one; I was unable to get much to eat or a place to sleep.

All this made me think of what my father told me he suffered when he was fighting the Yankees.

You young boys who read this, take warning; stay at home and act like men. I was making fair wages on the farm, but I wanted to see the world, and all I saw was wretchedness; I learned many things I did not know before.

These few lines I have written are facts and I hope you will publish it for the good it may do the saint and the sinner, from one who has learned a lesson at a great cost.

Statesboro, Georgia. J. S. F.

THE AUTHOR OF THE R. F. D. SYSTEM.

DEAR SIR:—In your next issue of WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE will you please kindly publish a laconic statement as to authorship of, (and by whom introduced,) the bill for Rural Free Delivery? I know that you are the author of this bill, but I would like to have some data on same to furnish some sapheads out in this neck of the woods.

Sincerely yours, O. O. STOVALL.

Kreb, Oklahoma.

ANSWER.

In answer to the above, beg to state that, on the 17th day of February, 1893, I secured the passage, (through the Committee of the Whole, in the National House of Representatives,) of the first resolution appropriating money to the R. F. D. system as we now have it.

Prior to that time, there had been some experimental free delivery of mail in small towns, and this free delivery was given the misnomer of "rural free delivery".

My resolution made it *compulsory* that the Postmaster-General should extend the free delivery system of mail beyond the limits of cities, towns and villages into rural communities. This was the first *mandatory resolution* to that effect that Congress ever passed, and the Chairman who was presiding over the Committee of the Whole, (Mr. Henderson, of North Carolina,) so notified the Committee before the final vote was taken. Therefore, the Committee voted for the resolution, knowing that it was a new departure from the existing systems in towns, cities and villages.

The proof is *The Congressional Record* for February 17, 1893, page 1759. T. E. W.

QUESTIONS WHICH SUGGEST THE CORRECT ANSWERS.

My Dear Mr. Watson:—I have just read your article, caption, "A Gross Insult to the South". I call it the flaying of Carnegie. I am glad that you pricked the bubble—surely some of the gas of conceit will get out. Men are vain to a greater or less degree, and the wealthy are apt to get inflated, because mankind, as a mass, flatters those who have power —money.

Mr. Carnegie, like the pitcher plant, grew strong and great; he had the power to accumulate, to fatten and grow from the bodies of his victims. His followers have made him believe that he has a great store of knowledge —wisdom—and he sees from his standpoint, which is necessarily narrow, and he believes, or appears to, that his information *is very great.*

Poor old man! I hope you sent him a copy, so that he can see how foolish he made himself appear.

I want to ask you some questions.

Did not Luke Burke (England's foremost ethnologist and anthropologist), in 1840, challenge the world's great men to give one single instance where the negro race had ever battled for freedom and self-government?

Was not the negro race under the full light of civlization at the time Hannibal and his legions were at Carthage?

Has the negro race ever, in any country at any time, reached as high a point in civilization as the race attained in the United States in 1860?

Were the negroes not better educated as a race in 1860 than they were before or since in all their history?

In 1860, as servants, laborers and mechanics of the kind needed for their work, they were far and away superior to what they are today.

Up to 1860 they had been educated for two centuries properly; that is, they learned how to do that which was useful, that they could do—their labor compared favorably with other labor that was directed by superior intelligence, and as servants they were more valuable than they are today. Since 1865, they have been taught many things that can not be of value to them or to others, and, like Cain, the hand of man is against them, hence educated in the wrong direction.

Was not their religious, moral and social ideas in 1860 far superior to their ideas today—fifty years later?

Physically, I know they have degenerated—how few of the younger ones that have not either tuberculosis, scrofula or venereal diseases can not be ascertained; but every physician that practices in the South knows it is alarming, and that they, as a race, are getting to be an actual menace to the health of the white race.

Have they not degenerated morally as a race more rapidly even than they have physically?

For more than two hundred years in the United States the negro was developed along one line—that of making a trustworthy, competent laborer, a high grade servant, and whatever mental ability the race possessed was concentrated along that one line.

When the war came on in 1861 the part of the South that seceded had 7,750,000 whites (West Virginia cut off in 1862) and 3,400,000 blacks. There were not 2,000,000 voters in the part of the South that seceded. Nearly all the available force in the South from fifteen to sixty years of age saw service in the war, and yet environment, breeding and proper education was so powerful in its influence that not one negro was ever known to offer, directly or indirectly, an insult to any white lady in the South. The men were encouraged to rise up in arms against their masters and fight for freedom. This was the aim of John Brown's raid. This, to me, is proof positive that the negro race has retrograded, for I assert without fear of successful contradiction that if the negroes had been in 1861 as they are today, not one State in the Union would have dared to pass a secession ordinance.

No Southern gentleman, however rabid he might have been politically, would have thought of leaving his mother, wife, sister or daughter in the care of the barbarous brute the negro has degenerated to.

The worship of lust and the *green snake* is rapidly increasing. My field of labor has placed me in direct contact with the negro, and in every Southern State; and it has been my experience that the best laborers among the negroes are the black ones who are in some degree following the old traditions.

In the near future, and I believe it will occur when the next industrial depression comes, the negroes of the North will meet their Waterloo.

Mobs of hungry, desperate men out of employment, led by the Socialists and Anarchists, will hound the negro to death.

Philadelphian.

VERY DUBIOUS, EH? STILL, WE MIGHT WINK, AND LET IT PASS.

Dear Sir:—I saw a piece in your paper where one of our Socialist brothers said something like this: "There never has been an upward and forward movement on earth that has not had that 'free love' accusation thrust upon it, from Jesus Christ down to Robert G. Ingersoll."

Now, my brethren, I don't know what to say about that brother putting Jesus Christ down in that class with Ingersoll. I don't wonder that the Socialists are never going to be up in the highest class of people—what I mean is to be up with us Christians. He is putting Ingersoll as the father of their party. The poor fellow doesn't know what he is doing or saying. He doesn't know any better and has to say something to try to make some one else go to that torment with them and Ingersoll. Ingersoll caused more people to go to Hell than any one man. If Mr. Knolle is going to Hell, it is no sign he is going to get some of us to go with him. That is what he he is hinting at.

Yours truly,

Petal, Miss., Box 33. S. A. Wright.

LETTER FROM A BIRD LOVER.

DEAR SIR:—I have just read and thoroughly enjoyed your fine editorial on the Buzzard in the November issue of the JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

To use an oft repeated phrase of our lamented Bill Arp, I always feel "calm and serene" whie viewing the graceful, floating flights of this inoffensive brother in black.

I take great interest in birds, and have written extensively of them, but some how have never taken the Buzzard for my subject.

When you write again of Buzzards, let me know.

With cordial greetings to you and yours, I am Yours sincerely,

(MRS.) HARRIET PARKS MILLER.

Adams, Tenn., Rt. 1.

(Will let you know when I preach on that text again. T. E. W.)

ITALY'S PLAN FOR PROTECTING WORKING PEOPLE.

Mr. Henry W. Bullock, Attorney at Law, Indianopolis, Ind., U. S. A.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your communication asking this department for information in regard to accidents to the working class in Italy, this department communicates as follows:

1. The number of accidents to the working people entitled to indemnity, according to the existing laws approved January 31, 1904, No. 51, was as follows:

Year.	No. Accidents.	Followed by death.
1905	161,980	712
1906	195,747	696
1907	228,823	762
1908	227,768	759

2. The amounts of indemnity paid out for the above case was as follows:

Year.	Lira (francs)	Equivalent to
1905	13,438,795	$2,687,759
1906	16,160,490	3,232,098
1907	18,366,671	3,373,334
1908	20,312,551	4,062,510

3. From the evident increase of the number of accidents, we may infer the cause is the application of the laws; as previous to that there being no right to an indemnity, the working people often times failed to report accidents, especially those of a light nature, which at present are more numerous, and in order to lessen the possibility of accidents employers are required to abide by special preventative rules issued by this government.

4. The number of controversies for litigation of indemnity is pretty high, and was especially so in the first years after the laws went into effect, as it can be seen in the official report of this department, some of which is herewith inclosed, but many claims are settled peaceably between the parties.

5. Our laws permit the employers, who are required to have insurance policies against accidents, to stipulate with societies, or private insurance companies who are legally authorized; unite with other corporations, thus forming syndicates of mutual aid; or to provide the same by establishing private concerns of their own.

Now then, as stated, as the employees are allowed several ways to provide for the required insurance fund, and considering also the circumstance that the insuring societies or private companies that accept such obligations (policies) are allowed to exercise their right to do business in other lines, and as it is difficult to establish exactly what is to be known as administrative expenses, it is not possible to answer precisely your question as to the cost of the administration.

But it can be assumed that, as a whole, about 80 per cent. of the premiums paid by the employers are applied to the liquidation of indemnities.

6. The present Italian legislation on the accidents to the working classes is accepted with satisfaction both by employers and the working people. V. MAGOLDI,

Minister of Agriculture, Industries and Commerce.

Rome, Jan. 2, 1910.

A LETTER FULL OF GOOD WISHES.

DEAR SIR:—Earnestly and sincerely we wish to thank you for your kindness in snatching a few moments from your busy life to pen us a few lines, the receipt of which we feel has done us more good, more soul-satisfying good, than any other letter we have ever before received. We feel, too, that the receipt of a personal letter from you is quite an honor; for frankly, Mr. Watson, we must say that we love you—love you as William Cowper Brann once wrote that Mrs. Tilton loved Henry Ward Beecher, "simply worshipping at the shrine of his genius."

Since receiving your letter, I have again reread your "Life of Jefferson", and also that grand editorial on "The New Year". And really, I feel ashamed to think I asked you, even in the round-about way that I did, the personal question which you so frankly answer and which I should and did know before asking.

The last article on Foreign Missions in the March number of WATSON'S MAGAZINE is the best, *best*, *BEST* one yet. It clearly shows the connection in our country between the two old "Twins" which have been pulling together all down through the centuries, and are now pulling together so well and smoothly in the government about which George Washington once affirmed "was not in any sense founded on the Christian religion".

Would to God that the brain that conceived the thoughts of that article could live to see the world-wide yoke broken, and the "Twins" separated so far that they would never get together again while "woods grow and waters run".

You have my most respectful well wishes.

Yours truly, C. L. HAUGHT.

Shinnston, West Virginia.

LIKES THE MAGAZINE BECAUSE IT'S DIFFERENT.

DEAR SIR:—I have been following with great interest and pleasure your articles on Socialism and the Foreign Missions, and to say that they have been found enlightening is putting it, indeed, mildly.

I think lots of your publication, for the reason that it is of the South and always ready to defend her fair name, in any event which may arise to need that defending. But not this only; the fights you make for the common good, the style of literature, and little sketches, are, indeed, inspiring, and the only regret I have is that I didn't begin reading it sooner.

However, I am glad that times are improving, and that hundreds of magazines and literary periodicals are coming into existence in the South, and in a very few years I hope to see a decided change in the existing conditions of the present.

That is why I have written to you thus, because your Magazine is "different", and we seem more at home when writing to it. We may *read* the others, and know that we are a *good deal* the cause of their existence, but that is about as far as we can *go*. Not so—yours—I don't know why, but something about it makes it seem good to the South. Perhaps it is because of your loyalty to the ideals of our fair land. Respectfully,

Fort Worth, Texas. JACK DUNAWAY.

A MISSIONARY FIRED FOR TELLING THE TRUTH.

The bitter necessity under which the mission boards of the various denominations labor of hiding the truth from the churches is forcibly illustrated by the experience of a missionary, who gives us the following story:

"I came to Alaska six and one-half years ago as a Presbyterian missionary. My attention was called to the slack management of the Government schools. Whites and Indians were both suffering. For example, there was not in the town of Wrangrell (and the town was then as large as now) a boy or girl who knew as much as the multiplication table. I published a criticism in a local paper charging mismanagement of the public schools. I received a letter from the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions directing me not to publish any more criticisms of Doctor Jackson or any of their workers. I have been informed by several fellow missionaries that it is not good policy to criticise Doctor Jackson's work. I did criticise him, and have been dropped out of the Presbyterian church. You can easily imagine the effect that such a condition would have on the schools."

Some time ago the Presbyterian church found it necessary to expel from its communion scholars like Briggs and Smith. It dismissed them for publishing what they believed to be true in literary matters. The same denomination seems to have extended its creed to include something more than intangible points of doctrine, and finds it expedient to fire a missionary for demanding efficiency in the administration of funds furnished by the Government. To those on the outside the church appears to be vitally concerned in maintaining its organization and retaining its hold on revenues. The spread of the truth is a matter of secondary importance. But to the extent that the Presbyterian Church, or any other church, believes its prerogatives imperiled by criticism of either its doctrine or its missionary policy, to that extent it is a menace to free institutions.

Getting down to bed-rock in this matter, we find that there are two sides to missions. Actual conditions on the fields are carefully concealed by the multitude of secretaries and special agents busily engaged in soliciting contributions. Instead of dealing in facts, they are handing out subjective and fanciful representations. JOHN J. LONG.

TRUE BLUE FROM THE DAYS OF PETER COOPER.

DEAR MR. WATSON:—For some time I have thought I would write to you and let you know how much I appreciate, love and admire you for what you have done, and are doing, for humanity.

I had the honor of meeting you once in Kansas City, in company with Messrs. Burris and P. J. Dixon, and how it did thrill my heart to hear you talk and have the pleasure of talking personally with you. I was, also, chosen as one of the delegates on the reception committee to meet you when you spoke in Chillicothe, Mo., some years ago, and I was looking forward to that as one of the happiest moments of my life, but the sudden death of my brother prevented my being present, which I greatly regretted.

I have not voted a Democrat or Republican ticket since the days of good old Peter Cooper, have attended every National Convention that the Peoples Party has ever had, and have been an enthusiastic supporter and admirer of you ever since I learned to love you when I took your People's Party paper. I have always been a great reader and thinker, and I agree with you on everything about which you have ever expressed yourself.

I was a Confederate soldier, and was in Atlanta soon after Sherman burnt the city, and I do hope you will be spared to write a *TRUE* history of this country, for, as you say, we haven't any such a history now.

Find enclosed a bank draft for $3.00, for which kindly send the JEFFERSONIAN as indicated below. I don't want any commission on these.

With very best wishes in your noble efforts, I am, Your friend and brother,

Hale, Mo., Dec. 13, 1909. A. M. BALLEW.

A TRUE HISTORY OF FRANCE.

Dear Mr. Watson:—I think I may, without being guilty of fulsome flattery, take this occasion to commend you on your historical classic, "The Story of France". I think it was one of the Abbot brothers, who, in describing the reign of terror, stated that, horrible as the excesses of the mob were, they were but balancing accounts for centuries of oppression and suffering, and that some day the man would appear who would tell the *true* story of the people's cause. Well, he has appeared, and "Thou art the man." The book fearlessly tells the truth, breathes a noble spirit of democracy, and is an inspiration to the reader. In all the realms of literature, there is nothing nobler than your chapters on Joan d'Arc. Michelet's France is marred by a partisan sympathy, Guizot is unconsciously royalistic, Carlyle distorts history with imaginative flights, and Burke and Macaulay bring to the subject the constitutional prejudices of Englishmen; but you have given us France. It is a precious monument to your ability and industrious research. I have read it twice, and will read it again.

Respectfully,
(Miss) Mary Brahler.
419 11th St., S. W., Washington, D. C.

HOW TWO BOYS WERE AIDED THROUGH COLLEGE.

Dear Sir:—I am a new subscriber to your Jeffersonian and Magazine. Have received and read three copies of The Jeffersonian and the Magazine for March, and am now studying "Foreign Missions Exposed". I hope the day may soon arrive when you will see fit to publish a daily paper. You teach people how to live on earth, in this life righteously, and to know how to live right is to know how to die.

I was much impressed with "Pages From My Boyhood Diary". There I find where you had, while teaching school, procured board at Dr. Worsham's.

I grew up a poor boy, in Monroe County, Georgia, had the ambition to do well, but money was lacking. By some means Professor E. L. Martin, who was conducting the Georgia-Alabama Business College, and was President of the institution, secured my name and address, sending some inducement to enter the College. With only a little knowledge gotten by the fireside, in May, 1903, a younger brother and myself, with a little borrowed money, came to Macon and enrolled for the courses of bookkeeping and stenography. Professor Martin procured board for us at the home of Dr. Worsham, who was at this time living in Macon. The old Doctor and his wife spoke often to us of the boy Thos. E. Watson, and the time you boarded with them. They talked of how they admired your honesty, bravery and intellect.

In this effort to better our conditions, from that of country or farm life, which had demonstrated itself to be without profit or effect, we proved successful, promptly paying back the money borrowed, and holding nice positions since the first secured for us by Professor Martin.

It is apparent to my mind that you are fully capable of sympathizing with the struggling poor who are desirous of their betterment in life, and I am frank to say we all should appreciate you as being a Georgian, and one who loves his country and its people.

Again, in reference to Dr. Worsham, will say both the old people have now passed away. Queer, as it seems to me, since the time I first knew them, I met, loved and married Miss Agnes Murchison, of Macon, Georgia, a niece of Mrs. Worsham. It was quite a while after we became sweethearts that I learned I had boarded with her relatives.

Mr. Watson, I appreciate fully your views on the subject of Foreign Missions, and, as far as I am able to understand, you are not in the least short of being correct.

Wishing you much success, I remain
Your friend, T. R. Thigpen.
Macon, Georgia.

A MUCH APPRECIATED LETTER AND ORDER.

My Dear Sir:—I am going to do something for you that I have never heard of any one doing yet. I am ordering one each of all your books in one lump sum; so find enclosed check for same. My reasons for doing this are:

(1) I get more information from your writings than anything else I ever read, and I read a great deal. (2) You will remember in the hottest of the Hoke and Little Joe campaign that infamous Louis N. Foster circular made its appearance. I happened to get one and read it, I am sorry to say. In that contemptible thing the said Foster advised people not to let their children read your books. Then and there I made up my mind that if I ever got able my children should read your books. Now I feel that I can spare the money, the order goes.

I will say I have taken all of your papers since the birth of the People's Party paper to the present time, and can say I have never read a thing from your pen that I did not learn something. Wishing you good health and abundant success in your great work, I beg to remain,

Your friend and admirer,
J. E. Bradbury, Jr.
Athens, Ga., R. F. D. 4.

FROM A GREAT SOUTHERN WRITER.

Dear Sir:—Congratulations on that *annihilation* you handed out to Carnegie! It was the best thing of the kind ever written. I have read and re-read it, and the other night took it to bed with me *and read it again.* Isn't it strange that some white folks who seem to understand fairly well the other problems of race life are such fools on the nigger question? With all good wishes,

Yours, John Trotwood Moore.
Nashville, Tennessee.

AN APPRECIATION OF WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—I note with pleasure the receipt of your Magazine.

My work being in the field with our catalogue ("Bennett's"), I naturally desire to know what will sell and please the public, and I must say that from the sparkling, pointed and general clean-cut thought expressed throughout its pages, yours deserves a wide circulation.

True, Americanism of today leads us into the churning depths of realism and not fancy, and, I think, where truth may hurt sometimes, the higher development can only be attained by such a splendid course as indicated in your work. For success,

Chicago, Ill. BEN. F. HALLOWELL.

IS INTERESTED IN SOCIALIST ARTICLES.

DEAR SIR:—Some one has kindly sent me the October issue of your Magazine, the first I had seen. The editorial on Socialism I read with profound interest, both for its trenchant arraignment of an economic heresy that is making serious inroads in social and civic American life, and the indisputable historical facts therein adduced. What an array of evidence you submit in this remarkable production from your pen. Much of it, however, I can corroborate by my personal knowledge and experience during the days that preceded the Civil War. No sane man may deny that perilous problems are fast engulfing the nation, and when the crisis comes, as it surely will, the South, as I often tell my Northern friends, will then be the chief bulwark of American liberty, as it is now the repository of American ideals. As I am interested in what you may further say on Socialism, will you kindly send me the issues of your Magazine containing articles on this subject?

It may be "like a voice crying in the wilderness" for one to attempt in this sordid age to reincarnate the spirit of Democracy in the people, nevertheless I bid you "God speed". As for the "race problem", ignorance and fanaticism have so obscured the issues that a feasible solution has no opportunity to be heard. "The higher life" found on the inside page of your Magazine, is a declaration of wisdom and sanity. I have framed it and keep it before me.

Kindly permit me to express my sincere appreciation of the kind words you have spoken in my behalf, and believe me to be

Very truly yours,

Everett, Mass. WM. HANNIBAL THOMAS.

THE MONEY QUESTION.

DEAR SIR:—I don't suppose a man of your pluck and resources needs the approval and commendation of your admirers to keep you in the front in the glorious work of bringing to *life the dead sons* of revolutionary sires; but every time I read such articles as "Fight That Central Bank and Let the Greenbacks Alone" I just can't help yelling bully for Tom Watson, and, of course, I want to tell you so.

You know we old Peter Cooper Greenbackers believe the money question is the big thing, and the root of all our ills. Talk about trusts! Could the Standard Oil ever have reached its present power of oppression but for the hell-born national bank foundation under it?

Without the national banks could J. P. Morgan ever have organized the Steel (steal) Trust? Is there not a big national bank at the bottom (and top, too,) of every great trust robber in the land?

"Banks (of issue) are more dangerous to the liberties of the people than standing armies."—Jefferson.

If we can get the money and transportation questions settled in the interest of the whole people, and knock the tariff inequalities skywest we will soon see these big robbers take to the jungles, and every man, that wants to, sit under his own vine and fig tree with no one to molest him.

Sincerely your friend,

Prescott, Ark OLIVER S. JONES.

THE CALL OF THE CLAN IS ALWAYS ANSWERED BY THE LOYAL.

DEAR SIR:—I happened on a copy of your excellent Magazine on the train today, and am writing forthwith to express my keen appreciation of the same. I may say that it is one of the most interesting it has ever been my good fortune to examine in this country, first, because, unlike the majority, its contents are not confined solely to articles on the pursuit of the eternal dollar, or the life of a "star" actress, and second because its pages are not crowded with catch-penny advertisements, which no intelligent man reads. Coming as I do from one of the best governed countries in the world, viz., Great Britain, you can hardly expect me to share your American prejudice against a monarchical form of government, but your fearlessness, combined with an excellent literary style, can not help but win you admiration from men of all political shades. More especially must I congratulate you on your article, "A Gross Insult to the South"; a scathing philipic which I, as a Scotchman, heartily endorse. Should he read it, this should certainly shame the ignorant and purse-proud parvenue against whom it is directed, who, by the way, has the unblushing impudence to designate himself as a "Laird"! Wishing you every success, I am

Yours very truly,

Birmingham, Ala. J. W. S. CAMERON.

The Facts According to Joe

CANNON—Why me an' him's pals!

—Baltimore *Sun*

"Ashby: A Military Sketch." By Clarence Thomas. Printed by the Eddy Press Corporation, Winchester, Va.

Inseparably connected with the Valley Campaign of Stonewall Jackson, is the name of General Turner Ashby. His rise to fame was so swift, and his career so brief, that he lingers in the memory as one of the meteors, rather than a fixed star, of the Southern Confederacy.

Those of us who read the books of John Esten Cooke—his "Jackson", particularly—remember the cavalier of the white horse who dashes across the stage, is in full view for a moment, and then disappears, forever—leaving the storm of war to roll on without him. I confess that my conception of the daring young soldier did not do him justice. From Cooke, one gets the idea that Ashby was the most vigilant and active of partisans, was the keen eye of the army, was the perfection of a scout, was superb in the headlong charge, and a very bull-dog in commanding a rear guard. But Mr. Thomas claims that General Ashby was by nature gifted with a genius for war; and that he was a great soldier, in the same sense that Forrest was. Indeed, the biographer of the Virginia cavalier argues that Ashby's rise from the self-assumed captaincy of a force of independent volunteers to that of the command of all the cavalry—twenty-one companies—indicates a greater military talent than Forrest had.

The War Department, in February, 1862, authorized Ashby "to raise cavalry, infantry and heavy artillery." The fact that neither Jackson nor Lee were informed of this, shows how loosely the War Department was managed. In ignorance of Ashby's official authority in the premises, Jackson sent him an order to divide his command and give half of it to Major Funston. Ashby,—the gentlest of men, but full of manly pride—was extremely indignant. He tendered his resignation, declaring that were he Jackson's equal in rank, he would challenge him to fight. Friends intervened; and the two great soldiers had a meeting, at which Jackson urged his lieutenant to withdraw his resignation. But Ashby was unbending; and he told Jackson to his face that, if it were not for the fact that he realized Jackson's value to the South, he would hold him to a personal account. "Stonewall" simply had to give way; and Ashby retained the command of his entire force. As Jackson himself wrote to Lee, the officers and men of Ashby were so devoted to him, that any indignity put upon their chief would have turned them against "Stonewall" himself.

One most interesting fact brought out by Mr. Thomas is that Ashby did not mislead Jackson on the eve of the Kernstown repulse. Cooke and others lay to the cavalier a fault that was Jackson's. Colonel Tavener, an elderly gentleman, of Loudoun county, was on his way to the Valley from Loudoun, and after crossing the Blue Ridge, he saw a large force of Federal infantry coming from Winchester to Castleman's Ferry. Tavener made haste to Ashby and reported the fact, whereupon Ashby sent Tavener himself to tell Jackson what he had seen.

While waiting to cross the Shenandoah, those Federal troops received an order to return to Berryville, from which place General Shields' dispatch brought them, by a forced march to Kernstown. Jackson's attack on Shields, *before the troops seen by Tavener had gone beyond supporting distance*, caused the Confederate repulse—for the arrival of that reinforcement decided the day against Jackson.

"Biographical History of Primitive or Old School Baptist Ministers." By R. H. Pittman. Herald Publishing Co., Anderson, Ind.

A volume of 400 pages containing much interesting, and some very valuable, information.

I wonder how much the word "Hardshell" has had to do with retarding the growth of this denomination. If once a name suggestive of derision becomes associated with a sect, or an organization of any sort, it hurts. There are *so* many people who can't brave the jeer, and who haven't the moral courage to connect themselves with a hopeless minority!

There is no credit in being a Catholic in Portugal, Spain or France. That is, no moral courage is required. There *was* a time when it was heroic to fly the flag of Rome in this country—especially in New England—but that day will never come again. It will soon be the fashionable thing to be one of Pappy's pets. And the time may arrive when the American who takes a bold stand for an uncorrupted, *unpaganized* form of Christian worship, will stake his life when he does it.

If such an era should dawn on our country, I venture to say, that *the Protestant faith would find its most stalwart defenders in the Primitive Baptists.* Why? Because they are the seasoned veterans who have tested their courage and their strength by remaining true to a creed which has subjected them to ridicule and abuse. *They are the soldiers who can prove their valor by their honorable scars.*

The Methodist no longer has the moral courage to honor the name of Wesley. In the early period of Methodism, it was *bad policy* to become a member of that faith. Now, however, *it is good policy* to do it—and we can not doubt that many a man is influenced by that motive. The Missionary Baptists are similarly situated. No one runs any risk of being derided for professing that creed. Consequently, the members of these two denominations have no opportunity to develop that peculiar virtue which thrives under religious persecution.

Members of an outlawed sect always love one another.

It is deplorably notorious that members of the big churches have no fervent affection for brethren of the same faith and order. While there is some fraternal feeling, it does not compare in strength with that which Quakers, Disciples of Christ, and primitive Baptists have for one another.

There are 121,347 of these Old School Baptists; and Mr. Pittman points out that this proportion of his brethren to our population is practically the same as that which the 7,000, *who would not bend the knee to Baal,* bore to the 3,500,000 Jews of Elijah's time.

Preachers among the Baptists are called "Elders"—not "Reverend".

The sect opposes the use of fiddles, horns, pianos, organs, etc., in the churches.

They are equally sound in their contention that "tithing" passed away with the old dispensation.

By the way, nothing is stronger evidence of the encroachment of ecclesiasticism in the Methodist Church, than the submission of the laity to "assessments" and "tithing".

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR MAY.

This popular monthly has an unusually interesting table of contents for May.

Fiction, history and industrial articles are most capably handled, and a very large number of illustrations add to the beauty of the number.

The May number contains: Frontispiece in color, Howard Pyle; "The Infidel City," Mary Heaton Vorse (illustrated with etchings in tint by B. J. O. Nordfeldt); "Readjustments," a story, Sarah Barnwell Elliott (illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton); "The Moon Dance," a poem, Richard Le Gallienne; "The Good Samaritan" (incorporated), Robert W. Bruere; "Holy Mr. Herbert," a story, Marjorie Bowen (painting in color by Howard Pyle); "Et Ego in Arcadia," Witter Bynner; "Ancient Crafts in Modern New York," Philip Verrill Mighels (illustrations by G. H. Shorey); "The Sympathetic Part," a story, Norman Duncan (illustrations by George Harding); "The Horses of Indra," a poem, Martha W. Austin; "The Wild Olive," a novel (continued), by the author of "The Inner Shrine" (illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock); "The Aran Islands", Maude Radford Warren (illustrated with photographs); "A Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages," Olivia Howard Dunbar (illustrated from old prints and engravings); "The Housetop Room," a story, Jennette Lee (illustrations by H. G. Williamson); "The Silencer," a story, Keene Abbott (illustrations by George Harding); "A Painter of Childhood and Girlhood," Charles H. Caffin (illustrated with reproductions of paintings); "Somnambulists," a poem, Wanda Petrunkevitch; "The Gamblers," a story, Calvin Johnston; "A Poet in War-time," Laura Stedman (unpublished letters of E. C. Stedman, 1861-62); "The Lovers of Marohaid," a poem, Marjorie L. C. Pickthall; "The Summoning Knocker," a story, Florida Pier (illustrations by William L. Jacobs); "Editor's Easy Chair," W. D. Howells; "Editor's Study," The Editor; Editor's Drawer: "On the Trail," by Wilbur D. Nesbit; illustrations by Peter Newell). Other contributions by Blakeney Gray and E. S. M. Drawings by E. E. DeGraff, E. Warde Blaisdell, A. Machefert, Robert L. Dickey.

ADVERTISING A TOWN.

Muncipalities are becoming more alive each year to the advantages of publicity.

To this end, the Manufacturers' and Merchants' Association of Floyd county, Georgia, have issued a most attractive booklet, showing some of the many desirable features of Rome, Georgia. Photographs are the means used to convey graphically the beauty, development of industrial interests, and general up-to-dateness of this beautiful little town.

The manufacturing interests of the town are varied and prosperous. Good farming land is near by, the schools, churches and other public institutions are of a high order, and the little book will doubtless bring many new citizens to Rome.

Wilson M. Hardy, of Rome, Georgia, a prominent and brilliant young newspaper man, is also secretary of the association, and he will furnish copies of the booklet or further information.

"BY INHERITANCE." Octave Thanet. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

From an unusual new point, the old "race question" has been reviewed by this well-known author.

The story deals with two New England women who go South to live.

The usual complexities occur, and the futile effort of the New England mind to adapt itself to the proper focus to "understand the negro" is told in the sprightly way which has made the author enjoy so large a following.

"ROBERT EMMETT'S WOOING." By Edgar C. Blum. Cochrane Publishing Company, New York.

A very interesting story of the love affair of the great Irish patriot. The book is illustrated with many beautiful photographs.

A FEW SMILES

COUNCILMAN—I've come to see if you will subscribe anything to the town cemetery.

OLD RESIDENT—Good gracious! I've already subscribed three wives.—London *Telegraph.*

HIS WIFE—Oh, John. To think of you coming home with a policeman. That is terrible.

JAGGS—I know 'tis, Mary, but he's just drunk enough so he wouldn't let me alone till I showed him where I lived.—Boston *Courier.*

Two Irishmen were looking at an inscription plate on a building which read: "Founded A. D. MDCCCXLIX."

"Moike," inquired Pat, "phwat mean the wurruds up on the plate?"

With a wise air, Mike replied:

"Founded by A. D. McClicklix—a foine man he wor, Pat. I knew him mesilf."

A Scotsman was hired by a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the country was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him:

"Sandy, you take a long time over breakfast."

"Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think it."—*Tit-Bits.*

"How did the new parrot turn out?"

"Oh, he's a fine talker, but I'm awfully afraid I can't keep him."

"Why not?"

"He used to live in a medical college and the students taught him a whole lot of professional terms. I was so mortified the other night. That rich Miss Morris was calling on us, and somebody asked her to sing. You know what a voice she has. Well, she sang a long French ballad for us, and the instant she finished the last verse that dreadful bird screeched, 'Chloroform her!'"—Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

An Irishman out of work applied to the "boss" of a large repair shop in Detroit. When the Celt had stated his sundry and divers qualifications for a "job," the superintendent began questioning him a bit. Starting quite at random, he asked:

"Do you know anything about carpentry?"

"Shure!"

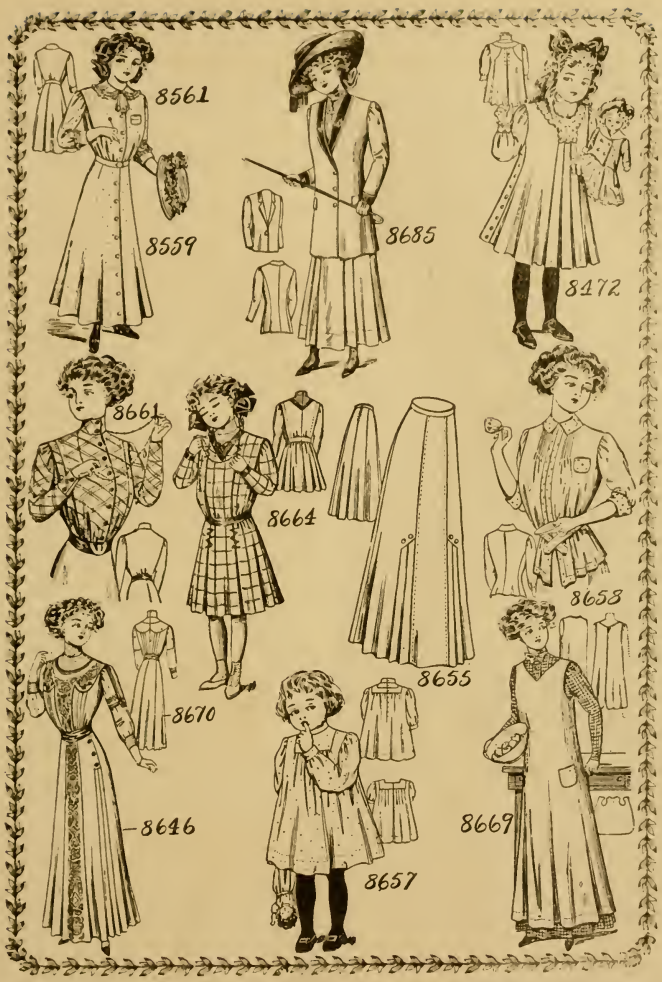
"Do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

"Shure!"

"How would you do it?"

"Shure, I'd poke me finger in his eye!"

"Shame! Such Extravagance!" —Baltimore *Sun*



PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Address JEFFERSONIAN PATTERN DEPARTMENT, Thomson, Ga.

8561-8559—CHARMING MODE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.

A simple blue and white dotted linen was used in the development of this attractive model. The blouse waist is laid in a deep tuck over the shoulder in Gibson style and is unusually chic and becoming. The low Dutch collar and turned back cuffs are finished by a narrow frill of sheer white lawn, headed by a band of insertion. The skirt is an excellent two-piece model, closing in either front or back. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14-16-18 years. The 16-year size requires 1¾ yards of 44-inch material for the waist, and 3 yards for the skirt.

This pattern consists of a waist and skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each, in stamps or silver.

8685—MISSES COAT IN TWO LENGTHS, AND WITH SHAWL OR NOTCHED COLLAR.

Blue broadcloth with facings on collar and cuffs of black satin, was used for this model.

The coat may be finished with shawl or notched collar. The fronts are semi-fitted, the back has a center seam, and side seams to the armseye. In linen or Rajah silk this design will also develop well. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 14-16-18 years and requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for the 16-year size.

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8472—LITTLE GIRLS' DRESS.

This shows a simple and practical design, that may be trimmed with buttons and made of gingham, linen, lawn, chambray, challie or cashmere. A pretty development was shown in light blue albatross with pipings of dark blue pongee silk. The yoke band of pongee embroidered in white, also the cuff and collar. Tucked chiffon supplied the yoke. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2-4-6-8 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for the 6-year size.

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8661—LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.
A Simple Stylish Model.

For a blouse to be worn with a separate skirt, or as a waist for general serviceable wear, there is nothing to equal the simple tailored shirtwaist. The model here depicted was developed in green plaid taffetas, with pipings of green, and green ornamental buttons for decoration. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

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8664—GIRLS' DRESS.
An Attractive Frock.

This model is one of the prettiest of the season's styles for girls. In reseda cashmere with pipings of green velvet and the chemisette covered with a new fancy mesh green net, this design will make a becoming Sunday dress; or in brown cheviot serge trimmed with black soutache it will make a nice school dress. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6-8-10-12 years, and requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

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8655—LADIES' SEVEN-GORE SKIRT.
A Smart Skirt.

The novelty of this design comes in the arrangement of the plaits at each side of the front panel. The model is cut with seven gores, and it lends itself readily to any of this season's dress materials. The back is finished with an inverted plait. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-28-30 inches, waist measure, and requires 5½ yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

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8658—AN ATTRACTIVE MATINEE OR DRESSING SACQUE.

A most attractive house jacket is shown in the illustration, in a pretty development of soft figured challis. The garment is fitted into the figure in the back, the front hanging loose from the shoulders or the fulness may be held in place by a belt of the material or ribbon. The sleeves may be full length or finished just below the elbow with pretty turned back cuffs. China silk, the flowered lawns, dimities and crepe de Chine make the most delightfully dainty garments for warm weather, but cashmere, French flannel, and cotton crepe are also adaptable. For 36 inches, bust measure, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure.

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8670-8646—A FASHIONABLE GOWN.

An unusually attractive costume is here shown. It was most effectively developed in raisin-colored henrietta, with a braided design in lilac and green, and pipings of Dresden silk in the same colors. The skirt is cut in seven gores, and has a plaited insert at the side gores. The waist is made with a round yoke over bib or bertha portions, and the sleeve is composed of a cap-shaped upper part, to which is joined a puff that is finished at the wrist with a band cuff. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32-34-36-38-40-42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size. The skirt is cut in 5 sizes: 22-24-26-30 inches, waist measure, and requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material for the 24-inch size.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

8669—A GOOD HOUSEWORK APRON.
Ladies' One-Piece Apron, with Pocket. Arranged for High or V Neck Finish.

It is much easier to slip on an apron when busy at home than to take out spots on one's skirts and waists. A very practical, easily made and comfortable to wear apron is here shown. It is closed at the center back and seamed together at the shoulders. The work of sewing on this design does not require much skill or time and the result is pleasing and most satisfactory. The apron may be finished with high neck edge or low V opening as illustrated. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: small, medium, large. Requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material for the medium size.

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8657—GIRLS' YOKE DRESS, WITH OR WITHOUT YOKE BAND AND WITH SQUARE DUTCH OR HIGH NECK AND LONG OR SHORT SLEEVES.
A Neat and Dainty Frock.

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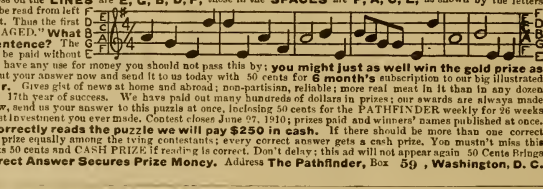

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IN VAIN did I challenge Debs, Fred Warren and othe Socialists ***of national reputation and representative char acter*** to give us a

DEFINITION OF SOCIALISM

in its relation to the Home, to our Marital System, to Lan Ownership, to Religion, to racial and Social Equality.

Eugene Debs and Fred Warren dare not publish suc a Definition.

Very well: I now make another effort to get this vil European Doctrine---Socialism---understood by our people

Morris Hilquitt, you have written books on your creed Richard LeGallienne, you were ***very*** rampant, not long ago challenging that Englishman, William Watson: Danie De Leon, you have been assailing me in your paper; an you are the translator of Herr Bebel's obscene book "Woman Under Socialism": Victor L. Berger, you prin every week a signed article on Socialism: Robert Hunte your name is constantly in evidence as an expounder o your crazy cult.

Now, I dare any of you, and all of you, to come int this magazine and discuss Socialism. You may have te pages a month.

I just dare any and all of you to come.

And, not to slight a gentleman who is a professiona magazine writer, the dare includes

Charles Edward Russell.

Will you come?

I am rubbing my fist right under your noses, you know

THOS. E. WATSON.